**Jews in the Soviet Union** *Lewis S. Feuer*

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

*November 30, 1963, 35 cents*

## EISENHOWER

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*Recent Books of Interest*

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Erotic Poetry —*Walter Allen*

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# T.R.B. *from Washington*

*Ungrateful Business*

★ Stewart Alsop in *The Saturday Evening Post* makes the challenging comment that any rich man, looking over the President's tax bill, ought to be a rip-roaring Democrat: "If Richard M. Nixon were President, and if he had proposed such a bill, it would have been denounced as a 'rich-man's tax bill' and a 'payoff to business' by the whole Northern Democratic Party and the entire liberal press. It would never have had a chance of passing." We think Alsop has a point.

What impresses this column are the extraordinary and almost abject concessions the Administration makes to scornful business in the agonizing effort to do something that is in the best interest of the nation and also of business itself. In the short run these concessions may aid the Administration, too, and help Mr. Kennedy get reelected, but we regard the price paid as terribly high and even, perhaps, ultimately self-defeating.

Kennedy has given business, to begin with, the longest period without a recession since the war; indeed, it has lasted so long that the Administration walks on tiptoe every time it goes into the same room with it, lest it explode. Eisenhower never did this for business. He gave business one sickening recession after another. Kennedy has given business some of the highest profits in history and prices that so far, at any rate, are uniquely stable.

Hardly a week goes by when the NAM or the US Chamber of Commerce doesn't denounce one of Kennedy's mild reform proposals. Sometimes the attack is incomprehensible. The most bizarre episode was when the Chamber attacked the liberalized depreciation guidelines and twin tax reduction last year, that handed over $2.2 billions to corporations. Please the Chamber – ? No; it demanded more and called the proposal a "gimmick"!

Most businessmen, we think, are plain dumb; but Mr. Kennedy is trying to save them from a recession because it might cook his own political goose in the next 12 months. He believes his pending, massive tax cut will head it off, and we think it will, if anything can. The present graduated income tax bite is too sharp. A shopkeeper who finds that he can't make money because he has priced his goods too high modifies the price and sells more, with larger profit. Uncle Sam is trying to take too much in income taxes, and would gain more we think by asking less. The rates were imposed in wartime and poor old Ike never got around to reducing because when he thought about it his budget was generally unbalanced. Give Kennedy credit; he is the first President to try to cut that Gordian knot.

But what a price he has paid! He has been trying to get business support for the plan, saying over and over again, "I am a friend of business." He said it again before the Florida Chamber of Commerce last week. He boasted that he had established a private corporation to manage the satellite communications system, and that he was cutting back on federal employees, and that "domestic civilian expenditures – excluding national defense, space and interest on the debt – were budgeted below last year, a feat rarely accomplished in the last 15 years."

*Why the Boasting?*

★ The President boasts about something we consider deplorable. Every year America's population increases 3 million and civilian federal expenditures ought at least to keep pace. He contrasts the modest overall increase in federal expenditures with the huge increase in state and local expenditures. Of course the latter are going up; if the federal government doesn't step in soon the states and cities will bankrupt themselves by doing the things that have to be done.

We don't blame the President entirely; he is caught in a cleft stick. He knows the tragedy and economic risk of letting the unemployment hemorrhage continue: for five years it has stayed over five percent. The thing that is going to tip the balance toward our next recession is lack of purchasing power, and you increase purchasing power by ending unemployment.

But almost in despair, as it sometimes seems, the President has sought to get the business-boosting tax cut through by making it more acceptable to conservatives. There isn't another modern nation on earth that wouldn't meet the crisis by public works and large-scale spending as well as a tax cut. With a certain unction that we deplore the President has disclaimed the spending remedy, and Secretary Dillon continually boasts of the fact.

*A Terrible Gamble*

★ Again, the tax cut has been stripped of its so-called "reform" provisions and by that we mean the gaping loopholes to favored business groups; for example, 27½ percent oil depletion allowance. And finally, as Alsop writes in the *Post*, as Bernard Nossiter writes in *The Progressive*, and as Leon Keyserling sturdily testified in Congress, the sugarplums and lollipops of proposed tax cuts go primarily to large corporations and rich men.

The real question is whether a tax cut that aids already-favored producers will supply enough purchasing power to sustain prosperity, after its first shot-in-the-arm effect. It is a terrible gamble. Corporate beneficiaries will build bigger plants, but will there be enough consuming power to buy the goods from those plants?

Yet, in the short run, why should business worry about unemployment! It provides a docile army of scared workers who will think twice before striking. Government figures show incontrovertibly that wages are lagging behind productivity. Trade unions used to be aggressive in keeping wages ahead of workers' output – they aren't now. Kennedy has given business fatter profits, steady prices, a continuing labor surplus and proposed tax cuts. Is business for him? You bet it isn't.

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# Progress for Whom?

Senator Gruening's statement to *The New Republic* in this issue reflects a spreading pessimism in high as well as low places about Latin America. The Alliance for Progress seems not much of an alliance, and not much progress can be reported either. The Organization of American States, in the words of a distinguished Bolivian author and diplomat, Fernando Diez de Medina, "has demonstrated its bureaucratic paralysis. It acts sporadically. It reflects the thinking in Washington rather than the thinking in Latin America. . . ." AID injections to prevent political infection are increased, and the patient gets sicker. The hoped-for healing effects of new investment are cancelled out by the low prices of basic commodities Latin America has to trade, and by a population that at present rates will give that continent a half-billion people by the end of this century. Long-term economic development requires confidence in the future. But there is little of that. Latin Americans have sent more than $11 billion overseas since the end of World War II. One military *coup* succeeds another. In his speech to the Inter-American Press Association last week, President Kennedy recited once more the sad statistics of poverty and repeated the ritual warning, surely wearisome by now to Latin Americans, that Communists must keep out. But it was tired stuff.

The US has offered $1 billion a year to buy reform (also known as "modernization"). But who will judge which reforms, where, and how speedily accomplished? The Administration says the Latin Americans must answer that question. It does not really mean that, however; obviously the Latins cannot decide for themselves how money from American taxpayers is to be used; too much of it would go into unwise public works, or into very wise private pockets. For their part, most South American governments resent interference from the North, but they also resent non-interference which takes the form of no help. There is another paradox. Although the Administration is urging more private investment in Latin America, it acknowledges the sovereign right of any government to expropriate these investments so long as just compensation is given. Not only does the prospect of just compensation add nothing to the attractiveness of private investment abroad, but as the government of President Illia in the Argentine is demonstrating, that very investment is a club with which a government can beat further concessions out of the United States. Argentina has replied to protests at her cancellation of oil contracts with American business firms by threatening to seize other

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American properties if the US takes retaliatory action. Mr. Illia perhaps thinks that he can go far before US aid is withdrawn, for by permitting us to help them, the Latins offer us an excuse to provide more employment at home. Of $1.8 billion given to date to Latin America under the Alliance, 80 percent has gone to buy goods and services in the United States.

In 1961, the Administration announced plans to spend $260 million to finance the development of the wretched Northeast section of Brazil. Almost none of that money has been spent. (It takes about two years to get AID approval for a project; it is always *manna mañana.*) AID officials refused to grant Peru funds to buy picks and shovels for Indian workers; that's against regulations, not a sound business proposition – picks and shovels could be lost or stolen.

As for the importance of constitutional government in this hemisphere, the President at one point in his address last week may have invited new *coups*. That is the meaning certain groups in Latin America, fearful of a "leftist" take-over, will read into his words: "The American States must be ready to come to the aid of any government requesting aid to prevent a takeover linked to the policies of foreign Communism rather than to an internal desire for change." Nor will it soon be forgotten in South America that the leaders of recent military *coups* were trained and equipped by the US.

# The Barghoorn Mystery

Professor Barghoorn's story of a mysterious stranger who thrust papers in his hands outside the Metropole Hotel in Moscow, and Barghoorn's immediate arrest by security agents throws no light on Soviet motives.

One hypothesis – that the whole affair was an accident provoked by some overzealous security agents – can be dismissed at once. Twelve days elapsed between the arrest and the announcement of the fact to the US Embassy. Even on the most charitable view of Soviet bureaucratic procedures, 12 days is time enough to correct an error so potentially explosive as this. Another interpretation – that the arrest was intended as a means of securing a *quid pro quo* for the release of Ivanov, the driver at the Soviet trade mission in New York now held on an espionage charge – scarcely bears closer inspection. For one thing, as the President observed, it rests on a grotesque miscalculation of how the US is liable to react to bargaining under duress. For another, it elevates the driver Ivanov to a status higher in Soviet esteem than Colonel Abel, for whom the Soviets were not prepared to risk any major diplomatic incident; and in any case, exchanges of spies, real and alleged, take place as a rule only *after* trial and conviction, which can often be a matter of months.

If Professor Barghoorn's 16 days of solitary confinement in the Lubyanka Prison was the product neither of error nor of a serious lapse of judgment as to what the US will and will not barter, the only plausible explanation of this disgraceful incident is that someone in the Kremlin deliberately issued orders for his arrest for quite different reasons. What might they be?

As was pointed out in these columns two weeks ago, Mr. Khrushchev faces, as a result of his harvest difficulties, a certain amount of opposition to the economic consequences of selling gold to buy North American wheat. It is perhaps more than a coincidence that Professor Barghoorn was picked up the day after the Chairman of the Soviet Trades Union Congress had implicity denied that there is any need to buy wheat abroad. What could more effectively sabotage the wheat deal than the abrupt worsening in Soviet-American relations which Professor Barghoorn's arrest was bound to bring about? Some hints have already been given in Moscow that the special plenary meeting of the party central committee convened to deal with economic policy – and with the production of chemicals and artificial fertilizers in particular – may be postponed from this month to a later date.

Of course, it is also possible that not only the treatment of Professor Barghoorn but also the *autobahn* checkpoint incidents, both of which are so much at variance with the detente that followed the partial test-ban treaty, have been dictated by the tactical require-



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ments of the Sino-Soviet party schism. Little support has been mustered in foreign Communist parties for an early meeting at which the Chinese heresy could be declared anathema by a clear majority of world Communist parties. In these circumstances, Khrushchev could conceivably have hoped to lessen the misgivings of those who oppose his wheat purchases by showing, at the checkpoints and by jailing Professor Barghoorn, that he still recognizes who his real enemy is.

Now that, happily, Professor Barghoorn is back on American soil, speculation as to Soviet motives can – and should – proceed more dispassionately. It is not idle speculation, for the difficulties which Khrushchev faces and of which President Kennedy has shown himself – to his credit – aware are likely to erupt into Soviet foreign relations for many months to come. Khrushchev is doubtless strong enough to intervene when his principal policies – detente with the US and exorcism of Maoism – are endangered. But his position has been sufficiently weakened to lead him to concede to his opponents from time to time provocative gambits, until they are proved utterly pointless.

# A 35-Hour Week

AFL-CIO President George Meany's answer to automation is to cut the work week to 35 hours and raise the $1.25-an-hour minimum wage. Both are politically attractive and progressive-sounding; historically the work week has gone down as productivity has gone up. But if Mr. Meany's recommendations were adopted today the probable outcome would be higher prices, less growth, lower living standards, more unemployment.

What our lagging economy needs is not to spread available jobs but to increase the jobs available. If the work week were to go from 40 hours to 35, there would be a decrease in man-hours of employed labor of over 12 percent; there would likewise be a sharp drop in output, and thus further decline in the growth potential of the US in the coming decade. If hourly wages were raised (or more overtime paid) to offset the reduction in work, so that weekly take-home pay remained unchanged, then these higher hourly wage costs would almost certainly bring higher prices. Part of the higher wage bill might, of course, be financed from a reduction in profits, or from gains in productivity, but this would mean that those already working would receive smaller pay increases than they might otherwise have got if the work week had not been changed.

Technological advances continually twist the demand for labor: those with skills are in greater demand, the unskilled are turned away. In New York City alone over 40,000 elevator operator jobs disappeared as automatic elevators became the vogue. The individuals displaced by such changes are generally poorly equipped to move on to more highly skilled jobs – otherwise most of them wouldn't have been elevator operators in the first place. Nevertheless, despite all the publicity about computers and the new labor-saving devices, there is little evidence that the problem of technological employment is more acute now than 10 years ago. If it were, the economy would have shown a greater than average increase in productivity; unfortunately, this hasn't happened.

The way to increase total man-hours of employment is to increase demand – and this can be accomplished by a tax cut, larger government spending, and lower interest rates. It can also be accomplished by improving the skills of the labor force under government and private retraining programs. In other words, the proper aim of the AFL-CIO is the same as that of the government and business – to increase purchasing power without increasing employment costs.

# Nasser Won't Play

"What kind of American policy do we have," Senator Hugh Scott (R, Pa.) asked, "when thousands of Egyptian soldiers, fed by American wheat and ferried by Soviet planes, are helping Yemenis to kill Yemenis?" Senator Ernest Gruening (D, Alaska) described Egypt as an aggressor "thoroughly unworthy" of United States aid. Spurred by such sentiments, the Senate followed the House's example and voted into the foreign-aid bill a provision to cut off assistance "to any country which the President determines is engaging in or preparing for aggressive military efforts."

Warnings of Congressional souring on aid to Egypt have been invoked in efforts to press President Nasser to pull his forces out of Yemen. Nasser's answer was adamantly negative concerning withdrawal of his forces and seemingly indifferent on the possible withdrawal of US aid, leaving Washington policymakers to ponder the possibility of a Soviet offer of substitute assistance in event the US should tire of indirectly subvending Egyptian armed adventures.

A muddle is the most favorable way of describing the situation now confronting Washington. American diplomacy succeeded only at the last minute in persuading the Saudi Arabian government to defer resumption of large-scale military aid to the Yemeni royalists for another two months until early January and meanwhile to go on supporting, jointly with Egypt, the UN's up-to-now futile effort to seal off intervention. In return for the short-term Saudi accommodation, the US promised to get Nasser to live up to his pledge to remove Egyptian forces from Yemen. Presumably that has not been accomplished, and so a sharp



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worsening of the quarrel over Yemen seems in prospect for early 1964.

An anti-aggression provision in the foreign aid bill will present a thorny problem. Nasser's troops, after all, are in Yemen at the behest of a regime to which the US itself so quickly extended recognition last year. The prematurity of that recognition does not offset its significance as a fact. It would be hard to construe aid to a lawful regime as aggression. Egypt's continuation of intervention after allegedly promising to desist might be conceivably labeled aggressive, but the proposition would involve questions of the specific content and the juridic character of the promise elicited by US diplomats last spring. Yet not to withdraw US aid would put President Kennedy in a position of condoning Egyptian intransigence in Yemen and flouting an undertaking to Saudi Arabia.

# One Site Saved

In the issue of June 4, 1962, we described how a real estate syndicate had acquired Merrywood, Jacqueline Kennedy's childhood home on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and proposed to build on its 46 acres massive apartment buildings for 1,000 families. The opinion of planners and conservationists was that the project would insure the destruction of the beautiful palisades, northwest of the nation's capital.

Two weeks ago, the bulldozers went to work. But before they had gouged out more than one hill, the federal government stepped in with a suit to condemn a "scenic easement" on the land – which would forbid construction of anything but single-family homes on one-acre lots. President Kennedy was reportedly unhappy with a newspaper story suggesting, erroneously, he had personally ordered the move. What he had done, a year ago, was to direct all federal agencies to work within the official plan for the future of the Washington area – a plan which showed the palisades as they are, covered with trees rather than towers.

But the President in fact deserves credit. Despite the involvement of his in-laws in the Merrywood affair, he allowed Interior Secretary Udall and others to push the fight. The condemnation suit, which several government agencies helped to plan, is a promising new device to exert the federal government's influence when local zoning controls in the Washington area break down.

The Merrywood case itself indicates why zoning does break down. The reason is greed. The would-be apartment builders paid $600,000 for Merrywood two years ago. When the government sued, the purchasers claimed the land was now worth about $4 million. They claim that profit from the mere act of rezoning the property for apartment use.

# Angry and Old-Fashioned

*Fort Lauderdale, Florida*

If the AFL-CIO leaders can denounce the bosses from the barricades of Miami Beach, the glitter of Fort Lauderdale is a fit place for young conservatives to fight the 20th Century. Most of the 400 members of Young Americans for Freedom, Inc., who spent a pleasant November weekend here at their second annual convention, were raised in prosperous middle-class and upper-class homes where taxes, big government, Communism and foreigners were denounced over ample breakfasts, at leisurely cocktail hours and after relaxing dinners. From these homes the young conservatives go to college, where few have to earn their own tuition and living expenses, and then on to good jobs as junior executives, lawyers or salesmen. They never knew the uncertainties of the early 30's, when jobs were short, relief lines were long, and the Republicans had been in charge for 12 years.

Yet the members of YAF are genuinely angry young men and women. "The current bombshell is the civil rights bill," said William A. Duff of Bucks County, Pa., who believes that "we are being asked to throw out individual property rights under the guise of protecting civil rights." George Burgess of Portland, Ore., resents the income taxes that are deducted from his pay every two weeks. Arthur Collingsworth of the University of Michigan would end foreign aid, farm subsidies and most health, education and welfare programs. Sharon Powers of New Hampton, N.H., wants social security and other New Deal programs to be placed on a voluntary basis.

Marilyn Manion, the daughter of right-wing leader Clarence Manion of South Bend, Ind., says the "'Yaffers' know there IS a Communist conspiracy," and we are as worried about that as they are about "government regulation of business and high taxes." She is probably right. Convention delegates cheered references to ending US diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union and getting "the US out of the UN." The slogans, the fears, the panaceas are as old as those of the Liberty League in the 1930's. What is new and arresting is their appeal to youth.

Although the "Yaffers" like to present themselves as on-the-outs with the established order and talk darkly about how difficult it is for a conservative to get good grades in government and history classes – all of which are supposedly taught by liberals – the right-wing revival is the most respectable American protest movement ever seen. The businessmen who subsidize YAF – convention expenses of some delegates were financed by sympathetic businessmen – are pleased to have the younger generation denouncing high taxes and big



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government and defending property rights. No young conservative is likely to lose his key to the executive washroom for running down to Fort Lauderdale to criticize the Kennedy Administration and lending his support to the Presidential nomination of Senator Barry Goldwater.

But there are signs that the angry young men and women are beginning to wonder whether even Senator Goldwater could make their political dreams come true. William Buckley told the convention that Goldwater is "the nearest thing to an adequate political leader since Robert Taft" but then warned the youths against "instant conservatism" and noted the political pressures that play upon a Presidential candidate.

The young conservatives enjoy talking about the philosophy of their movement, and a whole new publishing industry has developed to satisfy their voracious literary appetites. But one comes away from the weekend wondering where the movement would be without Goldwater. Despite the intellectual baggage furnished by men like Buckley, conservative politics is revolving around the personality of one man, much as Republican politics did around Eisenhower and Democratic politics now swirl around Kennedy.

JULIUS DUSCHA

*"I suppose in time we'll all become stodgy old liberals."*

# FOREIGN REPORTS

## CAMBODIA: *The End of US Aid*

★ At the political rally where he announced the severance of economic and military aid ties with the United States, Prince Nordom Sihanouk produced political prisoners who said they had been given American radio equipment by the CIA and US military in South Vietnam for use in aiding the Free Cambodia movement, a rebel group which seeks to overthrow him. The US has denied any knowledge as to the source of the broadcasts, but CIA activities being what they are in South Vietnam, this would be right up their alley.

The Cambodians are a fiercely nationalistic people but Prince Sihanouk is said to be reconciled to the idea that he must come to terms with the Chinese if his country wants to continue to exist with any semblance of neutrality; thus, he has struck up a friendship with them. This does not mean he is going to fall into their lap any more than he is in the West's. As for US aid, it has been running down for some time and the Prince has talked before of stopping it. US alliances with both Thailand and South Vietnam has made Sihanouk leery of Washington. Cambodia has fought with the Thai and Vietnamese for centuries. While both Thailand and South Vietnam disclaim any interest in her territories at present, border incidents still occur and in 1958 the South Vietnamese representative to Cambodia was implicated in a plot to overthrow Sihanouk. So he has every reason to suspect trouble from that quarter now.

Sihanouk was the first to argue for an international conference which could assure Laos its neutrality, but by the time the US came around to this view, the non-Communist forces had received such large setbacks that he felt the usefulness of a treaty had diminished. He believes that the US has been making the same mistakes in South Vietnam as the French did, trying to fight Communist guerrillas with military rather than political means. Last year, at an international conference on Laos, Sihanouk suggested setting up a buffer zone of Laos and Cambodia whose neutrality could then be guaranteed. France and the Communist powers replied favorably. The US turned down the idea. All Cambodia wants is to protect its neutrality from East and West interveners.

## AUSTRALIA: *Turn on the Water*

★ For a government to go to the polls a year earlier than is constitutionally required is usually either an expression of confidence or despair. Sir Robert Menzies' decision to hold snap Australian elections on November



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30 is in a sense a mixture of both. For the past two years, he has governed with a precarious majority of one. Today, with bank borrowing again appearing in need of the drastic curbs that had him all but tossed out of office at the last election, this period of nearly full employment and widespread prosperity certainly provide the government with the best chance it is likely to get of winning a more comfortable margin. There are signs, however, that the country, though less than enchanted with the uneven Australian Labor Party opposition, has become bored after 14 years of the Liberal-Country Party coalition and Menzies' rule.

Since a defeat on one major issue could have led at any time to a dissolution of Parliament, it says much for government discipline, the health of its members, and the timidity of the opposition that it managed to carry on quite normally and without serious threat for two years. Those who expected that Sir Robert and his men would be chained to their desks by their slender majority were proved wrong. Senior Ministers scuttled around the globe at an unprecedented rate. The result of one of these missions provided the election with its first, and, the government believes, most telling issue – the purchase by Defense Minister Athol Townley in Washington for delivery about 1966 or 1967 of 24 FIIIA bombers, about which the politicians have waxed both lyrical and indignant on the basis of virtually no technical information whatsoever.

The deal, under which Australia will get the FIIIAs on time payment and for less than $200 million, with the promise of a loan, if need be, of B47-E bombers as a stopgap, aroused a storm of predictable protest in Britain, which had expected that its more costly TSR2 would get the order. Politically, the deal was beautifully timed. For the first time since the Japanese knocked at the gates in 1941, Australia has become acutely and uncomfortably aware that events in Southeast Asia are not following an orderly and peaceable pattern. The interest is not especially enlightened and it centers on Indonesia to the exclusion of almost all else. Largely because of this, however, the government's controversial buy was a highly popular move, which managed to cover up its own far from satisfactory defense record while exposing once again some of Labor's more sensitive nerves. Intent on waging an offensive campaign, 68-year-old Arthur Augustus Calwell, leading the Opposition on what will probably be his last election, found himself involved instead in an argument about whether a Labor victory would alienate the United States and deprive it of its nuclear deterrent in the Southern Hemisphere – and thus of the means to protect Australia – by declaring a nuclear-free zone here.

The Labor Party has been badly split. A largely Roman Catholic right-wing, charging Communist influences and tendencies in the Left, sheared off to become the Democratic Labor Party, which does not command sufficient support to win a single seat in the House of Representatives – and only one in the Senate – but under the Australian system of preferential voting swung many once secure Labor seats into Liberal hands.

# The Aid Program–A Senatorial Dissent

*The New Republic's* lead editorial last week entitled "Aid But Not Comfort" missed completely the significance of the three-week debate in the Senate on the foreign-aid authorization bill. The editorial gave the impression that a small band of willful, "liberal" Senators imposed their will upon the majority of the Senators in order to protect local interests in their home states. Then you sounded slightly bewildered in trying to explain the Senate's actions despite the alleged lack of increased hostility to the foreign-aid program as expressed in letters received from home.

What has happened in the last decade is that when the friends of foreign aid complained about the program's operations, they were told to suppress their criticisms lest they lend aid and comfort to the program's opponents. They were told that if they would but vote for increased authorizations and appropriations the deficiencies would be remedied. This has gone on year after year, but the changes in the program, repeatedly promised, have not been made. Every few years a bone is thrown to the complaining friends of the program by renaming it.

This year the suppressed emotions of the friends of foreign aid exploded on the floor of the Senate.

Fifty-seven Senators (of the 86 voting) voted for Senator Kuchel's amendment on the arrest of United States fishermen in the belief that it was ludicrous for the United States to continue paying Ecuador $152 million a year while that country continued to use the naval vessels given them as part of our Latin American military-aid program to arrest United States fishermen 200 miles off the coast of Ecuador. (The wording of the amendment in *The New Republic* was not correct.)

Sixty-five Senators (of the 78 voting) voted for my "anti-aggressor amendment" because they felt strongly that it made no sense to continue to pour $224 million



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per year into Egypt (nearly $1 billion to date) while that country continued to spend approximately the same amount waging aggressive wars in Yemen and continued to purchase offensive Communist weapons, including ground-to-ground missiles, submarines, jet fighter planes, to carry out its repeatedly announced intention of waging war against Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Israel and Morocco.

The Senate itself, by a voice without dissent, agreed to add my amendment cutting off military aid to Latin America in view of the repeated instances where that aid has been used by military juntas to overthrow constitutionally elected governments.

Seventy-eight Senators (of the 80 voting) joined Senator John Sherman Cooper in his amendment to authorize the President to appoint committees to "review, evaluate and make recommendations respecting foreign-aid programs."

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in its report on the bill, had itself, in no uncertain terms, pointed out the need for changes in the program, but failed to reflect its beliefs in the bill it reported.

The admission by the Majority and Minority Leaders, almost at the beginning of the debate, that the total could be trimmed an additional $385 million cast doubt on the validity of all authorization requests, especially since high Administration officials, a few short weeks before, had pleaded with members of the Foreign Relations Committee that the higher figure was absolutely essential for our security.

After the vote on the final passage of the bill in the Senate, a State Department employee was overheard to remark that the Department had done remarkably well since it had padded its request by *$1 billion* just to take care of Congressional cuts.

The fact is that the program has had too much money and has been profligate in its use of the vast sums appropriated, often-times hurting rather than helping the countries aided.

One reason for the faulty analysis by *The New Republic* may well be that there has been an almost complete blackout of news about the program. Recently I completed a lengthy study of the foreign-aid program in 10 Middle Eastern and African countries for the Senate Committee on Government Operations. My findings were contained in a printed report (472 pages) which, for the first time, went into the program in those countries in depth. Yet the press and periodicals contained very little, if any, mention of those findings. That report demonstrated with facts and figures how too much US aid could hurt rather than help the economy of a country. The more recent example of Colombia being unable to spend our aid is another instance of the same prodigality.

In addition to our giving certain countries more money than they can absorb, we are giving AID dollars to countries which are not really interested in economic development or are not ready for the type of economic development they need to undertake.

Why should we continue to give aid to the rich European countries, which our aid has rehabilitated, to the tune of $899.1 million in fiscal year 1963? Japan belongs in that same category.

Should we continue to pour our dollars (140 million of them in fiscal year 1963) into Indonesia so that Sukarno can destroy Malaysia while his domestic economy goes from bad to worse?

How long are we to continue to sink $172 million a year into Brazil which continues to break its promises of economic reform?

How long should the United States agree to send over $156 million a year to Argentina while it permits its chaotic politics to disrupt any worthwhile efforts at economic development?

Our Greek, Lebanon and Israel programs are supposedly stopped. Should not, therefore, the foreign-aid tab be less by the amount ($200 million) they received in fiscal year 1963?

Just adding the amounts of aid to the countries named – without naming others which are indifferent to their own best interests – we reach a total of over $1.5 billion by which the grant and loan authorizations can be cut. A $2.5 billion appropriation would be entirely adequate apart from the fact that $6.5 billion in the foreign-aid "pipeline" are unspent and available.

The astounding fact is that our aid now goes to 107 countries around the world. In some of these countries our AID program is large – in others it is small. Money is the new weapon of diplomacy. No funds can be spent from the Treasury unless it has been appropriated by the Congress. That is what the Constitution provides. In appropriating funds, the Congress must state the purposes for which they may be spent. The administrators of all programs – both foreign and domestic – would, of course, like to have a blank check. But we do have a government of checks and balances. Congress cannot delegate its duties to the Executive any more than the Executive can shift its duties to the Congress.

What has happened during previous years is that the Congress has not fulfilled its duties with respect to the foreign-aid program. The loud shrieks of anguish heard on Capitol Hill and echoed in much unperceptive newspaper and magazine comment concerning the recent foreign-aid debate really reflect the realization that the Senate was seeking for the first time to regain that control over the foreign-aid program which it should have exercised all along, and by doing so has substantially improved the program.

Ernest Gruening, *United States Senate*



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THE OLD SPECTER OF MERCENARIES IN KATANGA IS BACK

# What's Happening in the Congo?

*Leopoldville*

President Joseph Kasavubu is rather like Jehovah. He is almost never seen or heard, even by high-level visiting politicos. When he intervenes in the affairs of Man, his will is drastic, without appeal – and usually for the best; and whether pleased or distraught, Man accepts.

Father Joseph, this time, has dismissed the Congolese parliament and rechosen some of its people for a Constituent Commission to draft a constitution giving parliament less power, and devolving more authority both to the executive center and to the farflung legislatures of the states. The Commissioners have a Biblical-sounding "hundred days" to wax in wisdom, after which, somehow or other, a jungle-wide referendum is supposed to be held, followed by general elections, ensuring a new parliament and government by May 31, 1964, when the present, temporary Fundamental Law must die.

There is some talk of thwarting Kasavubu's hitherto unthwartable will; the labor movement urges an unconstitutional year's survival for the present Administration, to ensure that devaluation and other unpopular measures are taken before the voice of democracy interferes. But diplomats feel there is a more than 50 percent chance elections will be held next spring.

It is a fair contest: apart from Kasavubu's own party, *Abako* – impregnable in three of the 22 states and intentionally non-existent elsewhere, all parties are about equally unprepared for the hustings. That there will be fighting and falsification is sure, and the electoral rolls themselves are hopelessly out of date. A million citizens were left off in 1959 – their own fault: they had evaded head-tax by purposely avoiding being counted in the colony census. Over a million more have come of voting age since the 1959 census. Moreover, there is a staggering case for reapportionment which has not reached the Judgment Seat: Leopoldville's population is up from 400,000 to a million, thanks to chaos and poverty in the bush. Of 300,000 Baluba who lived in or around Luluabourg before the outbreak of independence, about 200,000 now live in the Bakwanga district, a different state, and most of the rest were slaughtered by Lumumba's troops in what Dag Hammarskjold, at the time, called a genocidal war. Katanga has seen some interesting migratory shifts; an estimated 90,000 citizens there fell dead in the path of Tshombe's ambitions.

There is still talk of a new moderate coalition party, the Rally of Congolese Democrats (RaDeCo), which Premier Cyrille Adoula may agree to lead; but there is still disagreement in these moderate quarters too. No one and no party on the present cloudy horizon is likely to score more than an impressive minority of the votes. Most people will vote to be paid, if they are civil servants, or for a job if they are not: no party can honestly claim it knows how to satisfy even these modest ambitions. The army, police and Leopoldville officials are paid, but some government servants have grounds for resentment: grade school teachers are on strike because they have not been paid for up to nine months; the game rangers in the Albert Park who have not seen money for over a year are poaching their own game.

The Russians are said by some to be encouraging extreme nationalist opponents of the government. Only a few days ago two Soviet diplomats, who had refused to permit a search of their car were clubbed by Congolese gendarmes and tossed in jail.

Katanga is still a prey to outlaw soldiery, and the old specter of the multi-national mercenaries is back: globe-girdling goons are gathering in Angola, fired by the promise of a new and better civil war in the rich, unhappy copper state.

Deprived of air transport, unsure where its next million dollars is coming from, the UN civilian operation is slowing down. Many experts are bored with inactivity and are not renewing their contracts. The UN military force will soon be down to 4,000 combat troops, supposed to police this West Europe-sized country from a few junglebound pockets, and 1,300 administrative and maintenance staff. The idea of an air police, the cheapest way – in time, money and casualties – of keeping order in the Congo has been turned down at UN headquarters in New York, where U Thant is said by staff officers (presumably disgruntled ones) to feel that it is more humane if a hundred people are shot from the ground than half a dozen from the air.

Meanwhile, much of the agricultural economy is holding up; minerals are moving out of Katanga on schedule; diamond smuggling has been impressively cut, so that 60 percent of stones are sold legally. And inscrutable, all-wise Father Joseph, whom former US ambassador Clare Timberlake once called the highest-ranking vegetable in the world, still reigns, an image of ethereal stability in his unstable realm.

Russell Howe



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# Jews in the Soviet Union

*by Lewis S. Feuer*

The only gramophone record Lenin ever made used to be played in the Soviet Union, with his nervous, staccato voice insisting: "Only entirely uneducated and completely oppressed people can believe the lies and slanders which are being spread about the Jews. These are survivals from the time of serfdom. . . ." One hears these words no longer.

As in America, there are different Jewries in the Soviet Union. There is the devoted orthodox remnant, going loyally to the synagogue every day, reading the *Bible* and the *Talmud*. I got to know them in Moscow and Leningrad, and in Tashkent at their synagogue behind a Uzbek clay hut; one Saturday morning they called on me to read the weekly Haftorah, the sad story, that Passover, of David and King Saul's daughter, Michal. The orthodox remnant is composed mostly of pensioners in their late sixties and seventies who have survived Czars and Commissars; they once thrilled to Lenin's dreams, and saw the dream transmuted into the nightmare of Stalin's "Jewish doctors' plot." The orthodox communities dare not try to establish even a secular Yiddish school; when they did try in the past, "they came for the teachers by night." Prayer-books are virtually unavailable; only one in five has a copy, for the regime's presses will not print for them what they need. The copies which visitors from America and Israel leave behind are valued gifts. The regime two years ago on various pretexts discontinued the baking of *matzos*, and began arresting the few who dared to bake them privately and to sell them, even though at cost, to fellow-Jews who lacked ovens.

The greatest number of Jews, however, are what might be called "Soviet Marranos." They are Russian-speaking; if their society were free, they would fashion for themselves the varieties of Jewish culture which we have in America. The young Soviet Marrano avoids any overt Jewish identification; he knows how crucial it is for him to have the recommendation of his Communist Party secretary in order to secure a higher education. He will guard in strictest privacy, therefore, some cherished object which links him to his Jewish past. One young professional man showed me proudly a small folder of photographs of Israel which he kept hidden among his books. A student in Tashkent told me how he owned a copy of Moshe Pearlman's book on the Eichmann case; a correspondent at a United Nations Conference on Arid Zones had left it behind. Another student treasured an old edition of Flavius Josephus.

Sentences of Jews to death and imprisonment for so-called "economic crimes" are regularly announced in the Soviet press. During the last two years, 60 percent of those punished by death have been Jews. To illustrate: three Jews sentenced to death in February, 1963, for making "illegal profits on the sale of pencils, fountain pens, rulers, and other office equipment"; two Jews sentenced to death for not putting the required amount of fat into meat pies; several Jews sentenced to death for speculating in furs, rags, currency.

In Lvov in May, 1963, it was estimated that one Jewish family out of three had at least one person under arrest.

What do these "economic crimes" signify, and why are they so emphasized? At Moscow State University, I heard graduate students in economics joking about "the law of increasing prices under socialism." The price of bread was steadily rising, and they predicted sarcastically that the advent of Communism in 1980 would be heralded two weeks before by bread being priced out of the market. The ordinary person not only sees prices rising, he is aware of the poor quality of goods, the tasteless food in his *stolavaya* (cafeteria), the absence of fruit, the shoddy clothes, the endless shortages, the sloppiness, the "socialist indifference" of clerical and service workers. The Jews are rarely found in high industrial managerial posts, but they will be found more often in petty retail establishments, from newspaper stands to clothing stores. Once the Russian peasants used to blame the Jewish peddler for the rise in prices; now their grandsons, Soviet workingmen, can blame Jewish white collar employees for high prices, poor goods, and unavailable commodities. The Jews, Khrushchev complains, are "individualists"; they "do not like collective work or group discipline," or "mass occupations."

What haunts the government too is the rampant corruption and bribery. The bureaucratic paperocracy and indifference, with its forms, folders, folderol, and

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forgotten files breeds its own Hegelian antithesis – the free-lance operator who knows "how to beat the system" in a hundred different ways. *The History of a Soviet Collective Farm,* by a former chairman of one, Fedor Belov, enumerates the bribes which his *kolkhoz* took as a regular overhead cost: bribes to the chairman of the territorial executive committee, to the secretary of that committee, to the chiefs of the security authorities and secret police, to the prosecutor, to the inspector of the flour mills, to the chief of the territorial agricultural department, to the directors of the Machine Tractor Station, fuel depot and construction departments, to the automobile inspector. A Soviet proverb says: "If you don't grease, you don't travel"; bribes are a standard means for securing space on railroad cars for your farm's products.

The authorities are loathe to undertake to arrest all those involved in such crimes, for that would deplete the ranks of their managerial and inspecting personnel in factories and farms. It would have to be a purge of Stalinist proportions, carried out by a security apparatus which is itself still largely Stalinist. Certainly, the party which too includes large *cadres* of the corrupt does not wish to undertake to purge itself. Jews engaged in illegal economic activities can be safely isolated and made an example of. The State Security authorities (KGB) can carry on such prosecutions with less fear of self-disclosure; the higher-ups can relax; the collective farm chairman can rest easier. It's an old story.

Soviet society is intensely competitive: the graduates of middle schools vie with each other for admission into the institutes and universities, for higher education means a better change for position and power. The Jewish students are rivals in this competition. An unofficial *numerous clausus* on Jews means that much more of a prospect for some envious mediocrity. Khrushchev himself has warned Jews against becoming too prominent in the state; in other words, they must not be too visible lest they arouse prejudice. He has remarked that in the early years of the Revolution the Jewish intellectuals were especially prominent, but now, the Soviet regime has educated "our own intelligentsia." Thus, the Jews have seen both their numbers and percentage decline in the Soviet universities. One meets Soviet graduate students grumbling that there are too many Jews in the Physics Institutes. For in those fields where the Soviet Union is most sharply and publicly involved in competition with America, it has allowed a freer scope to talent, even when it is Jewish. But it is where the bureaucratic system works in humdrum anonymity – the government office, the factory, the railroad, and indeed, the praesidium – that Jews will be virtually absent from principal positions. Under Khrushchev, the higher echelons of government have been kept notably free of Jews. Of the 1,443 members of the Supreme Soviet of the Soviet Union, only five are Jews.

It would be an utter misconception, however, to classify Soviet anti-Semitism with the virulent Nazi variety. There is no racism in the official Soviet ideology, and although the number of Jews in higher education is being restricted, the regime still claims that there are 77,000 Jewish students in the universities. Nevertheless, in the continuing struggle between the Soviet neo-Stalinists, and what for want of a better term, we must call "Soviet liberals," the issue of anti-Semitism will be increasingly drawn. Stalinist types have always had an affinity for secret police work, and it was a great victory for them when in 1960 the Soviet regime entrusted them with the jurisdiction over "economic crimes." As economic difficulties have multiplied, the Stalinist alumni and their new *apparatchnik*-pupils have been availing themselves of their regained stronghold to partially restore Stalinist methods.

Almost without exception, everyone of the many Jews with whom I talked had some relative in America. Almost invariably they told the same story as to why they had stopped writing; the American relatives had grown prosperous, their children were in distinguished careers – whereas they, the Soviet relatives, were poor, but too proud to speak of their poverty or ask for help. At the Soviet Academy, noted scholars said it was prudent for them not to correspond with Americans. How much more so then were the Soviet Jews prudent not to write?

Why does the Soviet government want to close every synagogue? Because, among other reasons, they remain the only places in the Soviet Union where American Jews can meet Soviet Jews who retain a vestige of their autonomous life. Here despite the repeated arrests of Jewish communal leaders, some brave persons may dare to talk honestly to the Americans. (Khrushchev once told the then Canadian Communist leader, J. B. Salsberg, that he "agreed with Stalin" that the depopulated Crimea should not be colonized by Jews "because in case of war it would become transformed into a springboard of aggression against the USSR.")

What of the future? I believe the new young Soviet liberal intellectuals are aware that anti-Semitism is also latent with anti-intellectualism. But one must look to the new generation of young Soviet Jews to dare to speak up for itself. In the long run, one must earn one's own birthright. The new generation, one ventures to hope, will raise the question of freedom for the religious Jew to worship; freedom for those who wish to preserve their Yiddish culture; freedom for those who wish to assimilate to do so without being compelled by law to identify themselves as Jews on their internal passports; freedom for Soviet Marranos to work out their own distinctive philosophy.



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# *Ribbons and Bibbons*

*by Murray Kempton*

*On the top of the Crumpety Tree*
*The Quangle Wangle sat,*
*But his face you could not see,*
*On Account of his Beaver Hat*
*For his hat was a hundred and two feet wide*
*With ribbons and bibbons on every side*
*And bells and buttons, and loops and lace,*
*So that nobody ever could see the face*
*Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.*

EDWARD LEAR

Mr. Eisenhower's memoir is the newest ribbon on his hat; and, since concealment is his great art, it is hardly fair to complain that even yet no one can see his face.

The President remembers a March morning in 1955 when he was leaving for his press conference and James Hagerty brought a "frantic plea" from the State Department for him to remember that the situation in the Formosa Strait was by now so critical that Mr. Eisenhower would please give no answer at all to any question that was asked about it.

" 'Don't worry, Jim,' I told him as we went out the door. 'If that question comes up, I'll just confuse them'."

This is the single piece of operational wisdom Mr. Eisenhower leaves behind for his successors. His 650 other pages are otherwise hardly more useful than an inscription on a monument. They seem to have left most of the reviewers feeling about him rather as they did when he retired, in fact rather as they did about him when he was elected. The preservation of that feeling may be Mr. Eisenhower's prime purpose as a writer.

*Mandate for Change**
by Dwight D. Eisenhower
(Little-Brown; $6.95)

William Henry Harrison is the only President who *developed* less in the office. Mr. Eisenhower came to it and left without the memory of any image except Mr. Eliot's *Coriolan:* "Look, there he is now, look: there is no interrogation in his eyes/or in the hands quiet over the horse's neck/ And the eyes watching, waiting perceiving, indifferent."

He had a face capable of as many ranges, indeed as many roles as there are sins to commit; still, the photographs in *Mandate for Change* are limited to the face on the Roman coin and the face of the grandfather. General Eisenhower is his own best editor.

Henry Steele Commager is troubled because "the President so rarely goes back to reflect on his judgments and decisions," and Richard Rovere is chilled, but as by the touch of the *gran commendatore,* to contemplate the "hauteur of spirit [which] . . . can insist that one's leadership could be opposed only by those who failed to grasp that it was selfless in nature."

Even so, this posture of unrelenting serenity about one's own motives and judgment turns out not a defect but an extraordinary force for fixing your image of yourself even upon the dubious. Both Professor Commager and Mr. Rovere end their contemplation of the monument almost accepting its inscription. Professor Commager agrees that Mr. Eisenhower saved the Republican Party from "sterile isolationism," and Mr. Rovere concedes that the alternative could have been "political chaos."

General Eisenhower assumes it as an article of faith that he saved the Republican Party and left it exuding common sense and enlightenment. It says something about the man as mere presence that he can convince a professional historian that this is a description of history. The young Republicans, Mr. Eisenhower's great hope for the new life, along with many of his former assistants – "the ablest group of civilians that has worked in Washington in my lifetime" – now chase after Goldwater. Then, too, Mr. Eisenhower left his inheritance in the hands of Richard Nixon, to whom he remains so curiously indifferent that Nixon's name does not even appear among those of 28 "members of my administration and other associates" whose role in history Mr. Eisenhower thought consequential enough to make it worthwhile for them to review his manuscript. The Eisenhower Administration then seems like interlude; Mr. Eisenhower these weeks has turned suddenly as accessible to television as Jayne Mansfield; he has to hustle the book, having waked to find himself forgotten.

Now the alternative from which these years saved us was either a President Taft or a President Stevenson. Richard Rovere was the first journalist of the Eastern persuasion to render Taft justice. Mr. Rovere's portrait of Taft in 1946 was, I think, the first ever drawn that was neither caricature nor debased religious art and which anticipated the respect and affection Taft now arouses in our memories. The adventure of a President Taft would touch all of Rovere's curiosity and some of his hope; the adventure of a President Stevenson would touch much of his vision; yet he seems grateful for the alternative of comfort. We must recognize that only a man of great force, could win for his own low estimate of the American possibility the acceptance of a heart as high and an eye as cool as Rovere's. Just by never deviating from the assurance that he was necessary, Mr. Eisenhower has ended by convincing even Rovere of his necessity. And that is a skill.

The truly interesting Eisenhower is the

* Other memoirs cited herein for cross-reference are: Sherman Adams, *First Hand Report;* Richard Nixon, *My Six Crises;* and Emmett Hughes, *The Ordeal of Power.*



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technician. The appearance of a character uncalculatingly noble is a piece of the technique, and the technique so controls *Mandate for Change* as to make it an exercise in avoiding the show of calculation. The control is perfect except for the one moment of vanity when the President cannot resist boasting of how he told his Press Secretary how much more he knew about confusing the public in a moment of crisis than any other technician could teach him.

If we think of Mr. Eisenhower mainly as a technician, we can lift from his memoirs the criticism that he came to the office with no sense that he had anything to learn from it. There was nothing more for him to learn about his life's art than was accessible at Fort Sam Houston when he came there as a second lieutenant in 1915.

For what we have in Dwight Eisenhower is the refined garrison mind. The peacetime officer of the twenties lived in a garrison surrounded by civilians. His relationship to the outside world was always inferior in power and wealth. I have always thought that Mr. Eisenhower's skill at bridge came from necessity; the game demanded concentration because his pay did not cover losing money to civilians. His friends are all alike because they are those prosperous men from small towns who widen their horizons by meeting officers from the local garrison. As President, Mr. Eisenhower sounds as though he took it for granted that, when he was with them, they paid. But the garrison also owes all its being to civilians of another sort – any base commander is at any Congressman's mercy – and the garrison's peace and order depend on lying to these civilians whenever necessary. President Eisenhower is still pained by the excess of Senator McCarthy's assault on General Ralph Zwicker; Zwicker was a good soldier who had originally wanted to help McCarthy and then turned contumacious when he was ordered to. Zwicker was a hero because the good soldier will lie under orders as bravely as he will die under them.

The garrison mind can produce acts that are honorable and even gallant; but notions of high virtue and selfless service seldom intrude upon it, being disposed of by discipline. Mr. Eisenhower's prose style, as an instance, as a product of the garrison mind, is designed to soothe the civilian and avoid arousing him; and perhaps for that reason it seems deliberately anti-climactic. As president of Columbia, he says, "I became deeply interested . . . in the educational, financial and 'public relations' aspects of a college presidency." When he went to NATO, he was "confident of the support of the Executive Branch of the government, of millions of citizens and of my close friends." Now, in theory, a college president is more interested in education than in public relations; and, in practice, any commander knows that the support of his government is worth more to him than the support of his close friends. It is, then, a habit of Mr. Eisenhower's style to put the most consequential elements first. What then are we to say when he suddenly finds himself the Republican candidate and wonders that "my arguments, protests and sincere beliefs are now become as nothing"? Having learned that Mr. Eisenhower proceeds by anti-climax, we can judge the place that sincere beliefs must occupy in the garrison mind.

Mr. Eisenhower brought, then, special training to the few moral problems which arose early in his political career. His reticence about these crises is another phase of the technique, which aims to sound most virtuous when you are being least ingenuous. In September, 1952, as Republican candidate, he was confronted with the revelation that a group of California businessmen had raised a fund to give Richard Nixon political walkaround money while he was in the Senate. At the climax of this mess, Mr. Eisenhower called Senator Nixon long distance. "We agreed," he tells us, "that [Nixon] should go on television and give the public time to respond. Though he offered to quit the ticket . . . I *flatly refused*."

Mr. Nixon's memory, which could hardly afford an expression of malice, is significantly fuller. He says the President told him:

"I have come to the conclusion that you are the one who has to decide what to do. You have a big following in the country, and if the impression gets around that you got off the ticket because I forced you off, it is going to be very bad. On the other hand, if I issue a statement now backing you up, in effect people will accuse me of condoning wrongdoing."

The art is so to identify history with yourself that history has no needs except your own immediate ones.

Mr. Eisenhower's campaign trip to Wisconsin after Senator McCarthy's anointment in its Republican primary still pains him. He says first that he had to go because of "a decision made by an assistant," and later that he had told his staff "to make no plans for my visiting Wisconsin," and then, being preoccupied, only became aware that he had been booked to Wisconsin when it was too late.

Sherman Adams, who should certainly remember if any one does, recalls an argument about whether Eisenhower should go to Wisconsin but offers no testimony that Eisenhower protested. The only objection came from Thomas E. Dewey. "*In a meeting with Eisenhower's closest advisers,* Dewey was voted down." The decision to go to Wisconsin with McCarthy, instead of being the fault of some assistant, turns out to have been the subject of debate in the highest councils; it is inconceivable that Adams, loyal as he was, would have forgotten Eisenhower's express wish and not consulted him.

But, if he had to go, Mr. Eisenhower assures us, "I would do it my way or I would cancel that part of my itinerary."

"I had personally written a short paragraph in the speech I was to deliver in Wisconsin expressing my admiration and respect for General Marshall, who had, I was told, been criticized by Senator McCarthy as a dupe of the Communists." (Emmett Hughes tells us that he had written the Marshall paragraph on Mr. Eisenhower's

Coming

*Scrutiny Bound*

the work of F. R. Leavis

by Robert Gottlieb



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order.) "This paragraph had become a subject of staff concern because I had thrown it into the talk with little supporting context and including it was obviously, as [Governor Kohler of Wisconsin] and my advisers asserted, 'dragging it in by the scruff of the neck'." (In justice to Hughes it should be said that the Marshall paragraph was carpentered so neatly into the full speech that not a joint showed.) "By thus arousing new public clamor, I could be inadvertently embarrassing General Marshall. After listening to them, I agreed to the deletion."

But Adams remembers only that Governor Kohler had come to him first with the complaint that the projected compliment to General Marshall was an unnecessary rebuff to McCarthy.

"I decided that Kohler was right," says Adams. "I brought the Governor to Eisenhower and started a discussion of the speech. I had only begun when Eisenhower interrupted me impatiently and asked if I was about to suggest that the reference to Marshall be deleted. 'That's what I'm going to recommend', I said. 'Take it out', Eisenhower snapped. That ended the discussion."

There is then in Mr. Eisenhower's whole embalmed memory of his day campaigning with McCarthy hardly one assertion that survives the testimony of his own friendliest witness, except that it did happen in Wisconsin. In the Nixon case and the Marshall one, we see now, the garrison mind closed tight the moment it had to. Mr. Eisenhower was in enemy country; the issue there is not right or wrong but tactics. Loyalty to an officer, even retired, to whom you owed your promotion, is a tradition more serious than sympathy for a subordinate; but both Marshall and Nixon were cases who were in trouble with civilians. In that situation the garrison law is equal and unsentimental: civilians judge and soldiers merely dispose.

In February, 1954, Mr. Eisenhower was visited by Secretary of the Army Robert Stevens, who was then grievously suffering from Senator McCarthy. "He asked me *my advice*." The President advised him "not to placate and appease anyone or to demean himself in any way . . . and to remember that he was the civilian secretary of a proud and honorable organization." Poor Stevens, thus enheartened, marched bravely into a trap baited with Mr. Nixon and ended in a conference with McCarthy from which there emerged an agreement sounding very like the Army's capitulation. The President does not blame Stevens. Still, "I was more than a little annoyed to learn that the impression was rife that I had *instructed* Stevens to go down and settle with McCarthy at practically any price. My *advice* had been directly the opposite."

There is the same detached tone when he writes Dulles at Geneva with the French collapsing in Indo-China: "My first reaction . . . is to assure you of my full understanding of the feeling of frustration that must consume you. . . . There is little I can say to help you."

To read Eisenhower is to develop an unexpected sympathy for poor Dulles. Mr. Eisenhower thinks Indo-China might have been saved if Anthony Eden had not been so skittish about committing British troops; Eden, of course, was afraid that Dulles would wheedle the British in and then leave them in the lurch. It is plain enough that Mr. Eisenhower would hardly have sent combat troops to Indo-China even if Eden would join him, and that Eden's reluctance serves as an excuse for the inaction dictated by common sense. The reported offer of atom bombs to France to rescue Dien Bien Phu could have been made honestly by Dulles and still represent nothing but his inflamed romantic imagination. The President quite obviously wouldn't trust his Secretary of State with a stick of dynamite to excavate a fishing pond.

Mr. Eisenhower's comments on Dien Bien Phu are as cold as a war college report on a maneuver of officers who can henceforth abandon all hope of promotion; he judged Indo-China as a war so flawed by tactical mistakes as to be beyond salvage by any practical collective effort. To Eisenhower, Dien Bien Phu was an isolated fortress subject to the iron rules war writes for such mistakes. It is hard to believe, reading this Eisenhower, that Dulles was ever as close to any brink as he thought. Likewise, Mr. Eisenhower closed down Korea over Dulles' protests; and in his subsequent military conferences, Eisenhower sounds as though he abandoned even the fiction of collective decision. In the area of straight tactical judgment we can suspect that he was among the most absolute Presidents we have ever had. Looking back, his results seem clearly better than if poor Dulles had not been contained. They do not of course deserve Mr. Eisenhower's complacency about the world he describes to us at the end of his first term any more than the world Mr. Truman had left him deserved the tone in which Mr. Eisenhower summarizes one of his campaign speeches: "I deplored the secrecy of Yalta and the loss of China."

But then all that is the stuff to be given the civilians. Unfortunately, most of the business of domestic administration was also describable as the stuff you give civilians; and the languor with which he approaches it comes from his indifference as much as from the disciplines of his technique. Because he was basically indifferent, his domestic record is not that much at variance, in form at least, with Mr. Kennedy's.

The President felt misunderstood by Martin Durkin, of the AFL plumbers union, who was made Secretary of Labor with Mr. Eisenhower's advice that he "would no longer owe personal allegiance to labor but to government." But Durkin never rose above the idea that it was his duty to bargain collectively for labor with government. "His repeated use of the expression 'collective bargaining' startled me." Finally Durkin asked for his discharge and got it. He was "a devout and honorable

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man. He had a pleasing personality. . . . Personally I liked and respected him. . . . But he seemed to carry a chip on his shoulder." Of course, the garrison mind is wondering again why the enlisted men are so splendid as a class and so difficult to get close to in the particular. One morning, in a conversation with Durkin, the President was reminded in his own defense that "no one of my acquaintance had ever worked longer or harder than I had in my pre-West Point days."

This is essentially a soldier's record; there cannot even be offered the demurrer that he left the larger problems not much better at bottom than he found them. The soldier's assignment is the particular emergency; the larger tasks belong to the civilian. Soldiers, after all, can only hold ground; its planting and its fruit are the business of civilians. The Eisenhower years, more than anything else, were an abdication of the civilian function. The judgment that he was the best America could have had in the White House in those years is too kind to him and too harsh on us.

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**Random House**

# *Nihilism, Anarchy, the Executioner*

*by Hilary Corke*

What sort of man is the hangman? The journalist narrator of Sr. Sender's novel witnesses four legal, ceremonious and grisly garrotings in Spain, sometime in the 1950's, and is consumed with a passionate curiosity to know. Who could bear, for money, to twist the screw on the iron collar that strangles a bound man to death? He befriends one of the hangmen; and the novel is the curious biography that he gets.

*The Affable Hangman*
by Ramon Sender
(Las Americas; $4)

Ramiro, the future legalized murderer, is a village boy, of great native intelligence but born out of wedlock. His mother hates him because he is the witness of her shame. From the start this places him outside the warm, closed life of the community and sets his mind into a cast of nihilism, quietism, rejection. This attitude is hardened by the grotesque misadventures that accompany his few half-hearted moves towards integration. (For instance, when at last his childhood sweetheart, the apothecary's daughter, allows him to kiss her, they upset a couple of bottles, larking about in her father's dispensary. She shoves the contents back indiscriminately and, as a result, her father dies of strychnine poisoning and she herself, barely escaping death, is turned into a grossly bloated object with defective hearing.)

We follow Ramiro through a picaresque tour of Spain or, more importantly, of certain characteristic Spanish intellectual positions. He is mad on painting – his first act on reaching Madrid, the big city, penniless, is to sit in the Prado all day for five days, quite forgetting to eat. He gets mixed up in the workers' revolutionary organizations and is sent to report, at great personal peril, upon an abortive peasants' uprising and the bloody repression that follows it. At the same time he cheerfully accepts a commission from an eccentric aristocratic relative to catalogue his pictures. He spends three days and nights in a drugged amorous orgy with an Argentinian lady, in the course of which he has a long (too long) surrealistic-philosophical dream. When the civil war comes, in spite of his republican affiliations, he impassively accepts impressment into the Franco forces – from which he escapes by malingering. He is never cruel – he is far too detached for that. He fires no shot, in anger or otherwise. He never even commits an unkind act. When the civil war is over, he applies for and obtains the job of civil hangman.

Throughout all this, he makes his own emotional stance quite explicit. He has observed life, he has understood it – and he does not wish to enter it: "I listen and don't believe what I hear. I look and don't believe what I see. I speak and my words sound as if they were spoken by another and do not deserve to be taken very seriously."

Or again: "I can see everything from the margin without any curiosity whatever. Everything. I can see a mad dog devouring a child, without doing a thing to stop it. . . ."

This is his nihilism. But Sender is at pains to show that it is very close to, if not identical with, one of the two great disciplines of the mystics – the "negative way," the way of denial. In its positive form it is pure anarchism, that very Spanish political theory which, despite its appearance, is a way of acceptance too: "Let our acts be the only things influencing our spirit, and let them be living acts without conclusions. Human acts, simple and universal, from which no one will ever be able to derive an experience that could be transformed into doctrine, or a doctrine capable of crystallizing into law."

It will be seen then that *The Affable Hangman* is not a shocker or *roman noir*, but a serious philosophical essay upon responsibility, upon refusal, upon the question as to whether, laboring under the certainty of mortality, it is desirable or not to enter upon the busy life of the world. It is, as I have said, a peculiarly Spanish essay. By this I mean that it is all cast in those tones of darkness, of meditation upon violence,



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refusal of the rights of the herd, of the dignity and pride of self-containment, of that impassivity towards suffering, whether one's own or another's (in which latter case it looks like cruelty to the outside observer, but in fact is not), which we find in the poems of Lorca. (Ramiro sketches the outline of a poem of his own: "Dogs barking on the dark horizons, low clouds, crushed insects on roads leading nowhere; a dead dog, beheaded beside a rose-lined path. A peasant with a small knife in his hand. A peasant who got ten cents from the dog's master for cutting off its head. I saw it thinking of you, Aurora. . . . The peasant stuck his fingers between its front paws. The little animal moaned. It was not easy; the dog wanted to defend itself without harming the peasant. . . . I thought about you, Aurora. . . .")

And so to the philosophical conclusion: "I sometimes think that there is only one man who lives the truth and who, furthermore, deserves the gratitude of all the rest and does not ask for it; the hangman. Upon his head rests all the social order known until today, and still the hangman, aware of it, offers himself as a propitious object for the scorn, fear, and moral repugnance of all. Here is the martyr and hero, and the man who can be a smiling hero and martyr, because he has found the truth."

This is an interesting book, well-written and in several respects admirable. On its own terms, accepting its own premises, it is consistent, forceful and poetically just. All the same, when one lays it down one is permitted to question those premises. It is not merely naïve to ask of these grand dark generalizations, whether they are true. Suppose, for instance, that capital punishment is abolished: who stands at the apex of the pyramid of the law now? (The prison governor? The remedial psychiatrist?) And *are* hangmen, in sober fact, despairing intellectuals who have refused to "enter the game"? (May they not be pretty average specimens of obtuse mortality who have adopted that metier without particular predilection? A job, like any other.) Do they think deeply about the implications of their acts? Or do they rather, like any short-sighted workman, concentrate upon keeping their tools in trim, deriving an uncomplex pride from their efficiency? Are they not sentimental over kittens and babies; and would not any single one of them, walking on his way home from an execution, rush in to stop "a mad dog devouring a child" without further consideration?

When a novel makes implicit claims to be philosophical, that is to say, to arrange and interpret information about life, one has eventually to pick that novel up and place it against what we know about things as they are, and to determine to what extent the outlines of these two tally. The author's passionate conception "doesn't work" – just as anarchism itself "doesn't work."

A last mild complaint to the publishers. From internal evidence I presume that *The Affable Hangman* was written some ten years or so ago, in Spanish. In this I could be wrong; but it is not my fault. There is no mention anywhere of original publication date, of translation, of translator.


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# An Inside Job

*by J. K. Beaujolais*

Mark Epernay is a gifted young Alsatian journalist who has specialized in the popularization – one might almost say the vulgarization – of what one has learned to call the behavioral sciences. He has read widely among contemporary sociologists and anthropologists and accepts uncritically the claims of the statistical and quantitative approach. His is the *deus ex computera.*

*The McLandress Dimension*
by Mark Epernay
(Houghton, Mifflin; $3.75)

And, to dramatize his argument, he has discovered – or more probably invented – a scientist called Dr. Herschel McLandress, to whom he attributes spectacular recent advances in the behavioral field.

Is there a Dr. Herschel McLandress? I personally doubt it, though I notice that Professor Daniel Bell of Columbia, who is in certain respects the American Epernay, recently reported in one of his sociological bulletins to *The New Leader* (August 19) that a "French sociologist [Bell evidently mistook Boswell for Johnson, Epernay for McLandress] did a content analysis of speeches to see how long a statesman spoke before saying 'I.' Guy Mollet was clocked in five minutes. Winston Churchill in fifteen minutes. De Gaulle, to his surprise, took 40 minutes, until he realized that the first words de Gaulle had used were: '*France* has told the other powers . . .'!" This appears to be a garbled version of the McLandress Dimension as described in Epernay's first essay. McLandress actually reported eight minutes for Churchill and seven-and-a-half hours for de Gaulle until he concluded that "France" had become "the surrogate" of de Gaulle's own personality. Either Professor Bell has mixed up his facts, or a school of sociologists has arisen in France to carry on McLandress' work.

In any case, whether McLandress is real or symbolic, M. Epernay has written a dangerous and even a subversive book. He looks forward with bland enthusiasm to a Pavlovian world in which the computer will effectively take the place of the human mind and soul. The whole Epernay-McLandress effort is to reduce everything – the human ego, the American system of social precedence, American foreign policy, the confidence of business in the political order, even the ultimate takeover of the system – to a series of quasi-mathematical processes. Only one essay departs from the general scheme. This tells the story of the zany philanthropist Allston Wheat, author of *The Menace of the Team,* and his Crusade for Athletic Individualism. But the principles of Wheat and his idiotic CAI – his notion that the expansion in team sports in the last 40 years has conditioned American youth to collectivist modes of thought, and that team sports should therefore be abolished – are faithful to the general premises of the book. When Allston Wheat writes, "We consciously and deliberately train the youth of our nation in principles and practices of collectivism and socialism," he shows himself an unconscious McLandressite.

M. Epernay's book comes both as a portent and a warning. Its message is too strong and stark for easy acceptance. Inevitably critics have tried to deny the implications of *The McLandress Dimension* by pretending that the book is a fake, that there is no Dr. McLandress, even that there is no M. Epernay. This is the inevitable reaction of complacency in the face of prickly truth. The two major works of sociological analysis in recent years – Mr. Rovere on the Establishment and Professor Mills on the Power Elite – provoked the same reaction and received the same treatment. Critics similarly tried to discredit these treatises by insisting that the authors must be kidding. M. Epernay lacks the wide-ranging scholarship of Mr. Rovere, and he is not so funny a writer as Professor Mills; but *The McLandress Dimension* surely belongs on the same shelf as *The American Establishment* and *The Power Elite.*

In the case of M. Epernay, great organs of opinion have even engaged in an evidently organized effort to escape his thesis by ascribing the book to an eminent and sober Harvard diplomat and economist. This is obviously reaching pretty high (about 80 inches). No one who knows Ambassador Galbraith could suppose for a moment that he would write with disrespect about the Department of State. (The confusion probably arose because Epernay's State Department essay was published in *Esquire* along with a companion essay on contemporary diplomacy which Galbraith may indeed have written under the pseudonym of "Ellis Briggs.")

Let us make no mistake. McLandress may or may not exist, but Mark Epernay does. He faithfully expresses the spirit of the behavioral sciences. Like Professor B. F. Skinner, he believes that the more we understand about human nature, the less we can credit to man: "as such explanations become more and more comprehensive, the contribution which may be claimed by the individual himself appears to approach zero." Stanford University has already erected a temple to this faith. The reader who ignores *The McLandress Dimension* may well be turning his back on the future.

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# *The Raid on Resources*

*by Michael Straight*

Stewart Udall is a leading executive and spokesman of the New Frontier. He is also a frustrated poet, and a rustic poet at that. Udall might say of himself, as his friend Robert Frost once said: "So I was a swinger of birches/And so I dream of going back to be. . . ."

Udall camped out in the Rockies long before he entered politics. In the House of Representatives, he became a member of the Interior Committee. He delivered his state to Kennedy early on in the 1962 Convention. He was picked to head the Department of the Interior.

*The Quiet Crisis*
by Stewart Udall
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $5)

It is an immense department, with 55,000 employees and many principalities, all fortified to resist the incursions of passing politicians, as the armed services are fortified against civilian control. Udall shouldered by day the administrative burdens of the Department; in his evenings he set out to trace his lineage as Secretary, and so, to define his own role. *The Quiet Crisis* is the result: an eloquent assessment of the tradition in which he stands.

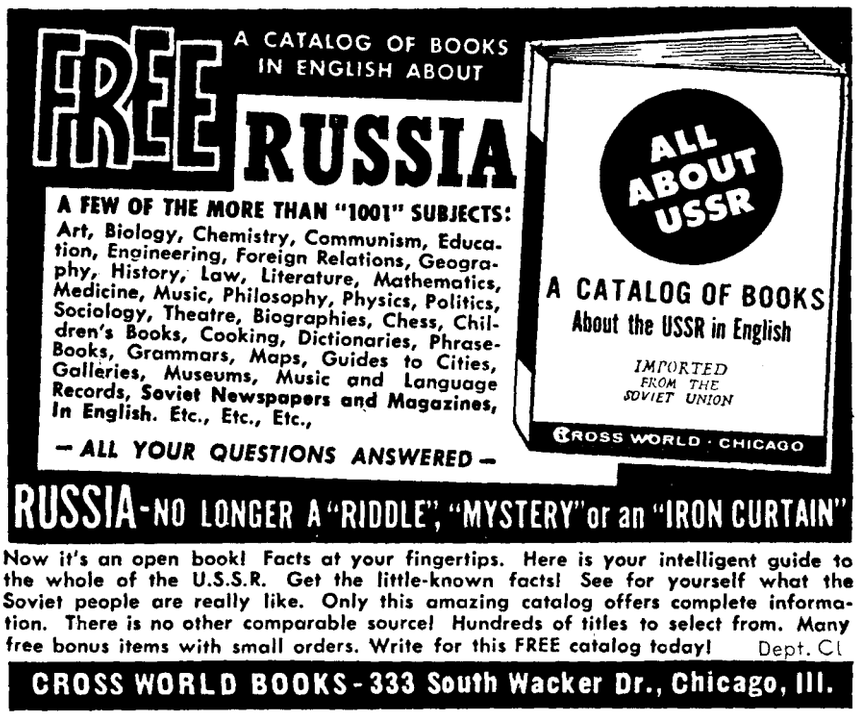
The United States was founded as a foothold on a continent of apparently unlimited wealth. So, in Udall's view, an attitude which sanctioned the squandering of resources was built into our tradition. The early settlers brought with them the concept of outright ownership of the land; the mountain men, folk heroes, established the creed of reckless exploitation; those who protested did so within the context of an attitude of extreme individualism which made further exploitation inevitable. Thus, Thoreau was appalled by the destruction of wildlife caused by dam builders on the Concord River in Massachusetts. "Poor shad" he wrote, "where is thy redress?" It was not, he was certain, in Washington.

Federal attitudes in the 19th Century revolved around the inability of the government to enforce its will. Andrew Jackson turned over forest preserves to "the people." The General Land Office hastened to rid itself of property it could not control. As opportunities for profit multiplied, the role of government shifted from inactivity to complicity in the destruction of the nation's heritage. "From the day General Grant took office," Udall notes, "the main business of government was the business of abetting the raid on resources."

Carl Schurz, a German immigrant who became Secretary of the Interior, and who remembered how forests had been cared for in the country of his birth, set in motion the reversal of federal policy. He was cut down by the Congress, but, from then on, an intermittent struggle went on between Congressmen, responsive to local pressures, and men within the Executive branch who saw the national interest. Udall recalls the dramatic story of these men: Gifford Pinchot, grasping the meaning of conservation as he rode in Rock Creek Park; Teddy Roosevelt, hurling away a prepared speech, and roaring to an audience of foresters, "I hate the man who skins the land!"; Franklin Roosevelt, vetoing a proposed artillery range that threatened the nesting site of wild swans. . . . "The verdict is for the Trumpeter Swan and against the Army!" Beyond these familiar figures, Udall recalls the contributions of half-forgotten men: George Perkins Marsh, J. W. Powell, Frederick Olmstead, and, most colorful of all, John Muir.

These men established the grand tradition of conservation. It was enlarged under the New Deal, and broken by the Second World War. "In the two decades that followed," Udall writes, "public men were so preoccupied by the urgent issues of the hot and cold wars that none tried, as Pinchot and the two Roosevelts had done, to expand the conservation concept." In turn, when they lost the backing of national leaders, the disciples of John Muir narrowed their concern to the preservation of wildlife and the wilderness. Brilliant innovations in technology brought certain new resources into use; but they obscured a larger failure. (We have, for example, doubled our requirements for fresh water since the War, and, at the same time, doubled our water pollution.) Udall concludes: "While our economic standard of living has become the envy of the world, our environmental standard has steadily declined."

It is still declining, hence the title of this book. Since the author is Secretary of the Interior, we look to him for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guidance as to what can be done. We look for a restatement of the concept of conservation, an ordering of national priorities that is both inclusive and precise. And Udall can provide it. The elements are present in his concluding chapters. But in these pages, the Secretary steps back a pace, the poet picks up the pen. The writing that follows is at times memorable and moving, at times hortatory and rhetorical. "By dint of being poetical," André Gide once observed, "one sometimes ends up by being vague."

Still, the fault is not Udall's. The measures required to cope with the quiet crisis extend far beyond his jurisdiction; they extend beyond the commitments of President Kennedy and the political horizons of the New Frontier. Udall's great contribution in his book is that he has set aside the fragmentary approach to our domestic problems that has made the actions of the federal government so shallow and so contradictory. He has raised large questions concerning our environment that no man in high office has raised for 30 years. His book may not, in itself, provide a new concept of conservation, but from it, if it is widely read, a new one may come.

The first element in a sound conservation program is federal action to check the growth of our population. For, as Udall suggests, unless population is checked, the best of programs to protect our environment will fail. Today, the federal government is spending $3.4 million for research on population growth, the same amount as it is spending to determine the causes of hoof and mouth disease. President Kennedy and the Congress argued for some time before deciding to admit another 23,000 aliens a year. If, during the debate, someone had proposed that we admit the entire population of Japan, both President and Congress would have regarded the man as insane. Yet our population, unchecked, will increase by more than the population of Japan before John F. Kennedy Jr. is 40 years old. The Japanese Government has, on the other hand, by education, taxation, and the provision of contraception, halved the birth rate of its people. Our government, by granting family allowances and tax advantages, promotes population growth.

A second element in a sound conservation program is federal action to check the wastage of irreplaceable resources. The Department of Interior has made a start, on coal and water, but it is only a start. Udall estimates that we must spend $6 billion to conserve our fresh water; no program on this scale is contemplated today. We are however, spending billions annually to get to the moon; it will not be a source of fresh water.

Our criterion of progress is still our ability, year by year, to consume larger amounts of our shrinking resources; our economy is still based on planned obsolescence and waste. "We blow thousands of tons of unrecoverable lead into the atmosphere each year from high octane gas because we like a quick pickup." So says the President's Materials Policy Commission. But no recommendation follows. We are relying more and more upon imports to take the place of our diminishing supplies of vital minerals; so says the National Research Council. But, the Council adds, our reserves should last us for quite a while. If a band of zealots moves to a mountain top in the belief that the world is about to come to an end, we are all amused. But our national minerals policy seems to assume that there will be no Americans after the year 2000.

A third element in a sound conservation program is federal action to control urban sprawl. Our countryside is suffering today as our forests suffered 80 years ago. Stewart Udall is one who sees this at first hand. Fairfax County was a rural area when he bought his house in McLean, Virginia. It will have a population of 885,000 within 40 years. It is second in per capita wealth among all our counties; it may well be first in the proportion of residents with university degrees. Yet Fairfax County contains no public golf course or tennis court or swimming pool or marina. It has one small public park and no cultural center. It has a little open space, but, according to a recent report by the County Planning Staff, "if the present rate of consumption continues for two more decades, the entire county will have been eaten up in urban sprawl." "Sprawl," the report adds, "is perpetuated by our taxation system, and in turn, perpetuates more sprawl." The reference here is to county taxes, but the federal government is also to blame. Four million houses have been built under the aegis of the Federal Housing Administration; its mortgage guarantees made possible the postwar housing boom. Minimum standards of community development might have been exacted by the government in return for the safeguards it handed out to developers. But no such standards were considered, such was our preoccupation with the quantity of American production rather than the quality of American life.

A fourth element in a sound conservation program is the protection and extension of the national parks. Here President Kennedy and Secretary Udall have acted vigorously to save threatened areas, and to recover the Atlantic seashore. The Democratic Party, the party of the city dwellers, has foreseen the growing demand of its constituents for recreational facilities. In fact, there has been a danger that recreation, rather than protection and preservation, would become the dominating factor in the administration of the parks. The choices were weighed in the March, 1963, report of the Advisory Board on Wildlife Management, appointed by Secretary Udall. If its recommendations are followed, the parks will be saved.

Yet the pressures upon Udall are immense; and they are not only from ranchers, hunters, timber cutters, oil men and water skiers. The worst enemy of the government, in conservation, is often the government itself. The wetlands of the West, the great breeding grounds of our wildfowl, were drained by the federal government at a time when agricultural surpluses were mounting. The Army Engineers are doing their utmost to destroy what swamplands we have left. The migration of Southern Negroes to the overcrowded cities of the North has been in many respects a tragedy; yet, in the Southwest and the West, the federal government is promoting the expansion of crops once grown in the South. One element in a sound conservation program is coordination in the Cabinet and in the White House, so that the government, before it starts doing good, will stop doing harm.



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# Love and the Lyricist

*by Walter Allen*

As collections of erotic verse, there is not much to choose between these two anthologies. Mr. Untermeyer gives us "The Song of Songs," Chaucer's "The Reeve's Tale" and "The Merchant's Tale" (but not "The Miller's Tale") and fairly lengthy passages from "Don Juan." Mr. Cole, explaining why he does not, offers us, instead, a significantly larger selection of contemporary

*Erotic Poetry*
edited by William Cole
foreword by Stephen Spender
(Random House; $8.95)

*An Uninhibited Treasury of Erotic Poetry*
edited by Louis Untermeyer
(Dial; $7.50)

verse. His arrangement of his material is a bit arch for my taste; on the other hand, I could happily have done without Mr. Untermeyer's running commentary. Neither volume, of course, despite the flourish of Mr. Untermeyer's title, is "uninhibited": it is merely as uninhibited as the anthologist believes the law will permit. Even so, he has been already out-distanced by events. Mr. Untermeyer states that *Fanny Hill* "is still considered so pornographic that it cannot be openly published." He knows better now.

On balance, I prefer Mr. Cole's book, and not entirely because it contains so much more contemporary work. Admittedly, a lot of this is pretty poor stuff; but that is beside the point. Though both books contain much good and some great poetry, they have little to do with poetry as such. Their appeal will not be to readers interested primarily in poetry, to whom erotic poetry can only appear a bastard category, but to those interested primarily in the erotic, which I take to be a pompous word for sex. Their interest, in other words, is not literary but sociological.

Stephen Spender concludes his introduction to Mr. Cole's volume with these words:

> "The great fight which has been conducted against censorship and for complete openness about sex during recent years would be self-defeating if it were not reflected in love. We seem to be moving into a society in which people should read poems like these, because they are capable of making the right choice."

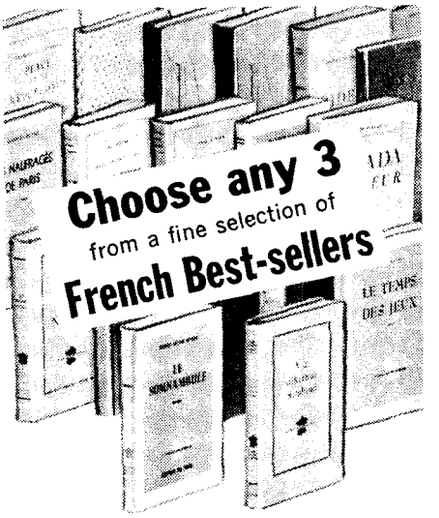
I am not at all certain what these two sentences mean. But, as I understand them, I think the first is a fallacy, while the second is true.

First, the fallacy. Behind much of the advocacy for complete openness about sex – which I am all for – lies a characteristic liberal illusion, the touching faith in what might be called sexual utopianism, the belief that there was once a sexual golden age to which it is perhaps possible to return. Poems reflecting this golden age are to be found in both these anthologies, poems from the Greek Anthology, medieval ballads, the lyrics of Herrick, the Cavalier poets and Burns, poems in which sex is treated with a happy paganism, an absence of shame that celebrates a natural function delightful in itself. These poems are charming, witty and ingenious, impossible to read without enjoyment. But, one would like to know, what relevance did they ever have to sexual reality? Weren't they always exercises in an artificial pastoral convention, representing a quite considerable abstraction from life?

This doesn't invalidate them as poems, though it makes them boring if taken in too large doses. Largely, they treat sex as a game. Well, sex can be a game, the most delightful of all. But experience shows that it is not often a game and very rarely remains one for long: it may be regrettable, but human beings are not butterflies happily fluttering from flower to flower. I don't think it an accident that in both anthologies the poems that seem to me best as poetry and as records of experience are those which treat sex not as a game but as something much more like an obsession, even, perhaps, like a grim all-out wrestling bout of the body and spirit to which both partners, if that is the right word, are inexorably condemned; poems such as Shakespeare's "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame"; almost all Donne's love poetry; Carew's "A Rapture"; Rochester's superb, dark poem on impotence, "The Imperfect Enjoyment"; or, of the moderns, the poems of Lawrence, the later Yeats, Graves, Betjeman, of whose verse Cole could have included more.

The importance of these poems, in the context in which they appear, is that they put sex in its human dimension, as something that implies suffering at least as often as pleasure. They are not going to help anyone achieve "sexual happiness" or improve his performance in bed. Their value is that they do not kid us: they show us sexual passion for what it is, part of the whole complex fate of being a human being. It is on this that the real case for complete openness about sex rests.

These poems are, of course, a tiny minority of the work collected in these volumes. Yet even the others, when one sets against them the treatment of sex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that prevails in popular fiction today, have a value for us now that is often disproportionate to their actual poetic merit. The most striking thing about the treatment of sex in contemporary fiction is its sheer brutishness, its imaginative and spiritual poverty. This is so at much more than one level of seriousness and intention. I read Norman Mailer, for instance, with admiration and deep respect; but, as the sexual fantasies of his GI's in *The Naked and the Dead* demonstrate, his work does have something in common with such phenomena of our times as *The Chapman Report* and the thrillers of Mickey Spillane and Ian Fleming, who is the Spillane of the bourgeoisie doing its damnedest to keep up with the Joneses. These are representative figures in contemporary writing, and there are scores of others that partake of their quality, which is to reduce the sexual encounter to rape or the degradation of the sexual partner. Their books seem the expression of the author's revenge for having been born, and that they reflect a feeling that is widespread, however unconscious, is shown in the fact that they sell by the million.

They may or may not have excellent intentions, but they do dirt on life because they profane a mystery. For it is mainly in sex – and the form the act takes, whether heterosexual or homosexual, "normal" or what is called perverse, is here irrelevant – that ordinary men and women can come into contact with mystery, can become aware of powers bigger than themselves. Hence, as Spender points out, the close relationship that has always bound sex and religion together.

The objection to poems that treat sex as a game is, ultimately, that they trivialize sex. But far better trivialize it than brutalize it in the contemporary way. Herrick, Suckling and the rest remain human and humane; they treat their partners with a civilized deference as between equals; what they offer is not an act that is of necessity nasty, brutish and short, the equivalent of defecation. If they lack a sense of mystery, they do not lack good manners; and if the sex act represents war between the sexes it is at least fought according to a code.

To this extent, compared with the sex writing of our own time, perhaps they



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do represent a golden age. In our present general state of confusion about and obsession with sex it is probably useless to invoke standards of health in these matters. They almost invariably sound silly and self-conscious, as *Lady Chatterley* itself shows; and as *Lady Chatterley* also shows, health in sex cannot be divorced from health in society. Yet, if one were looking for a norm of healthy sensual love, could one find anything better than an anonymous 19th Century poem, Mr. Cole prints? It begins:

As I was walking one morning in spring,
I heard a fair maiden most charmingly sing,
All under her cow, as she sat a-milking,
Saying, I shall be married, next Monday.

It ends:

On Saturday night it is all my care,
To powder my locks and curl my hair,
And my two pretty maidens to wait on me there,
To dance at my wedding next Monday morning.

My husband will give me a guinea gold ring,
And at night he'll give me a far better thing;
With two precious jewels he'll be me adorning,
When I am his bride, on Monday morning.

My two pretty maids shall put me to bed,
Then I'll bid adieu to my maidenhead,
And over my true love my legs I will fling,
Good morrow fair maidens, on Tuesday morning.

My gratitude to Mr. Cole for having salvaged this poem, though I wish he could have found other words than "rambunctious vulgarity" with which to describe it. It seems to me tender and beautiful, altogether so when compared with the squalidness and sentimentality which are the main alternatives in the treatment of sex in our time.

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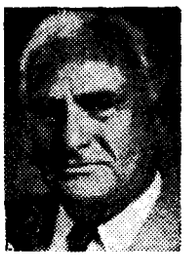

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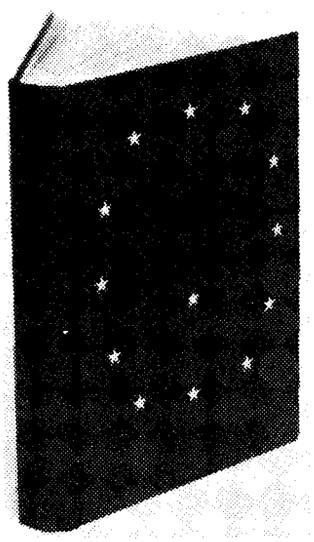

"Joseph Lewis has satisfied me that Thomas Paine wrote the original draft of the Declaration of Independence. . . "
—PROF. W. C. RUEDIGER

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# The Critic as Taxpayer

*by Richard Gilman*

If Edmund Wilson is not the man to compose a full-scale indictment of some of the most central aspects of our domestic and foreign policies, addressing himself to the entire nation in the manner of the colonial and pre-Civil War exhorters and keepers of the public conscience, then we may not have a man to do it. It takes stature to conceive such a project and go ahead with it; and to see that your argument is published by a prominent house in a well-printed, well-designed volume and with full-page ads in the *Times* takes stature of an especially lofty kind.

*The Cold War and the Income Tax: A Protest*
by Edmund Wilson
(Farrar, Straus; $2.95)

Mr. Wilson, of course, has stature if anyone has it. He is now, after the fullest of literary careers, widely and rightly regarded as our most important man of letters, a writer who has done more than anyone else among us for the preservation and growth of intellect in this country, for taste, openness to literature, civilizing judgment and the continuity of values. A political protest from him doesn't come from an attic or a cellar, you can be sure of that.

It comes, as a matter of fact, from one of the first three winners of the new "Freedom Medal," which has been bestowed by a grateful, or at least publicity-minded government on men it considers – at any rate has been advised to consider – the nation's cultural heroes. In a footnote to one of his subsidiary indictments, that of the government for its failure to support culture, Mr. Wilson does mention the medal but modestly, or as a matter of tactics, refrains from identifying its recipients. This was a blunder on his part; to cite such recognition would only have added strength to his position. As it is, it is not often that dissent comes armed with such respectability, legitimacy, family credentials even, which means that the traditional disqualification of the dissenter on the ground that he is a failure by the standards which the country officially recognizes is hardly likely to operate in Mr. Wilson's case.

He is, for this reason as well as for his eminence among the disaffected minority, surely the man for the job; he is going to be listened to both at the centers of power and outside, where new essences and not merely alternatives are discussed. And this truth, that nobody is better equipped to issue a responsible and effective protest against the way we are going, is precisely what makes his new book, for all its virtuous thrust and incontrovertability of spirit, so ultimately disappointing and even dismaying. For after reading it you are left with a painful sense of how little even the best of us seems able to do right now to bring clarity, much less change, to our congealed political institutions and runaway, self-legitimatizing international policy of force.

What is wrong? There is nothing but the most splendid resonance to Wilson's courage and acceptance of responsibility; *The Cold War and the Income Tax* is written with a high civilized indifference to retaliation and sustained by the best kind of humanist conviction that it is the duty of articulate men to speak out against destructive tides in politics and national existence. But there is something fundamentally deficient in his vision when it settles upon particulars, when his moral outrage, that is to say, encounters its materials and he is called upon for analysis and prescription. Then he is simply unable to tell us anything new or useful about what is happening to us, to reformulate the difficulties or open a perspective on possible change. The quality one finally isolates, so surprisingly in a book by Edmund Wilson, is naïveté.

Wilson's saga of innocence begins with his collision a few years ago with the Internal Revenue Service. "Between the year 1946 and the year 1955," he tells us, "I did not file any income tax return." His explanation is an exceedingly involved one, but it essentially

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has to do with the fluctuations his income underwent from year to year and with the diverse nature of the ways in which he earned it – from books whose profits could not be foretold, from magazine assignments, grants and a small legacy – all of which made him feel in a special, although not necessarily privileged category. He intended, he says, to pay what he owed in time, "but I had no idea at that time of how heavy our taxation had become or of the severity of the penalties exacted for not filing income tax returns."

It is hard not to sympathize with him, but the government naturally did not. Once more the details of what ensued are extremely complicated, but it is enough to say that Wilson was hauled on the carpet with the result that he is now in effect mortgaged to the Internal Revenue Service, which is going to seize at the source a percentage of everything he earns for years to come.

The experience of being a delinquent and thus for the first time becoming subject to official power had the effect of stirring Wilson to protest, not merely against his personal fate or against the Income Tax as such but against its inequities, especially in the case of artists and writers, against the manner in which it is collected and against the whole vast bureaucratic apparatus that has grown up around it. The indictment is far from being as original as he seems to suppose, and it is not free from special pleading, but as long as it remains objective it is telling enough.

Wilson speaks of "the failure on the part of the authorities to explain to the delinquent citizen what his rights are . . . or what measures of reprisal are being taken against him" as one of "the intolerable features of the despotic IRS system." He tells of how he was "reprimanded for spending too much money on liquor, for taking my Italian translator to the theater and for having bought a $6 mat for my dog," and describes how the fact of his four marriages and three divorces evidently militated seriously against him. And he compares the tax laws and procedures to the hair-splitting and absurd distinctions of medieval theology. "You come to feel that there must be somewhere in the midst of all this pedantry busy minds that are amusing themselves with gratuitous paradoxes of reasoning."

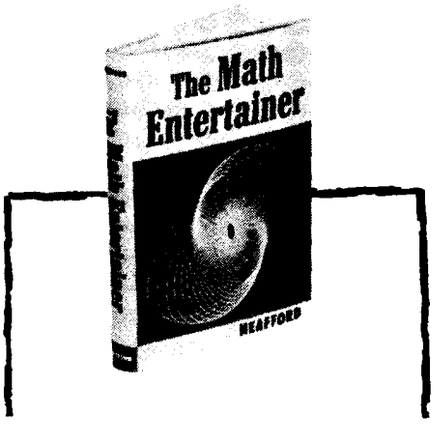
As long as his narrative remains a personal account, circumscribed and factual, Wilson's innocence is not disturbing; the first third of the book has in fact something of the affecting quality of Kafka's Joseph K. in the meshes of the opaque and grotesquely proceeding Law. But once he begins drawing implications from his experience, finding more and more massive and portentous truths concealed behind the bureaucratic structure and, eventually, finding an almost exact parallel between the operations of our Internal Revenue Service and the despotic nature of Soviet Russian society, one finds one's attention and credence lagging further and further behind.

His equation of the Income Tax with the Cold War and with the repressive features of Soviet society simply does not convince. For example, he is appalled by the institution of income tax spying here, by which informers collect a certain percentage of the money the government is able to extract from the informed upon. A reprehensible practise, to be sure, but Wilson sees it as reducing us to the state of unfreedom and moral decay of the Russians. "Does this kind of spying and delation differ much in its incitement to treachery," he writes, "from that which is encouraged in the Soviet Union?" The answer is of course that it does differ a great deal, in its immensely more limited scope, its clandestine nature, which means that it is not a policy of which the government is proud, and in its consequences, which are not after all those of execution, imprisonment in labor camps or absolute disgrace.

But Wilson is determined to stretch his experience to account for everything he thinks, quite rightly, needs to be decried. The income tax is indeed related to the Cold War as he says, in so far as it goes to support our armaments and the maintenance of our power in the world. But is this all it goes for and is the maintenance of our power willed by the government against a hostile and reluctant populace? What are we to make of the following statement?

> "Many Americans were shaken by a horrible shudder when Khruschyov [sic], in one of his speeches for home consumption, predicted that Communism would bury us – perhaps because we were already half-buried by income-tax extortion, official bamboozlement and suppression of civil rights."

In its illogicality and coerced meaning, its confusion of disparate phenomenon, its uncharacteristically turgid style and above all its misreading of what most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## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Hilary Corke *is a British poet and critic.* J. K. Beaujolais *is a former Harvard historian now working at the White House.* Michael Straight's *newest novel,* A Very Small Remnant, *was published last spring.* Walter Allen, *formerly literary editor of* The New Statesman, *is lecturing this year at Vassar.* Richard Gilman *writes on books for* The New Republic *and on theater for various journals.*



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Americans actually felt on hearing Khrushchev's remarks – if anything it probably contributed to a renewed willingness to pay income taxes – the sentence strikingly reveals how far Wilson is in this book from his usual lucidity and powers of discernment. But he goes on pushing his thesis to its limit. "The truth is," he writes, "that the people of the United States are at the present time dominated and driven by two kinds of officially propagated fear: fear of the Soviet Union and fear of the income tax." The truth is a whole lot more complex and, at the same time, both more and less harrowing than that.

Of the really harrowing aspect of international politics, the threat of atomic war, Wilson says almost nothing, though he spends a good deal of time on our government's experiments with chemical warfare and on the space race. It is not hard to agree with him that the first of these things is ugly and the second foolish, but even here you find yourself resisting his displacement of emphasis and being irritated by the unoriginality of his comments. And when he comes to his proposals for dealing with the horrors he has sketched – his own decision seems to be to make as little money as possible in the future, so as to pay as little tax as possible, so as then to support the Cold War as little as he can – we may admire his spirit but not his sense.

Yet even his spirit is not a flaming one, calculated to spring us into action. If he were a holy fool or a man of wild but devastating wisdom, a John Brown or a Dostoevsky, the pervasive naïveté of his analyses and prescriptions would not have mattered: moral passion and urgency of vision would have justified everything and, what is more, might have left us in the position – inspired and larger than we had been – to work out our own understanding and take our steps. A prophet is not required to offer plausible alternatives or provide accurate diagnoses. But Wilson is not a prophet; he is an eminently lucid, thoroughly balanced man, a skilled interpreter, a commentator for whom complexity in phenomena has always called forth a matching complexity of understanding. And this is what breaks down in his new book and leaves it powerless to help us.


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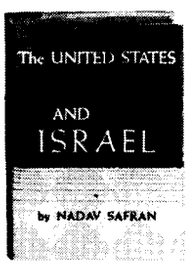


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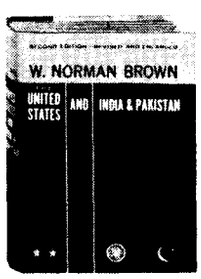


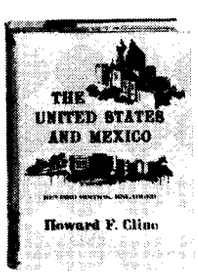


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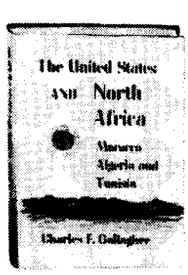


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## RECORDS

# Cliburn's Beethoven

It was understandable that when Cliburn returned from Russia in 1958 he should have repeated the performances of the Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov concertos with which he had triumphed in Moscow. But he made a great mistake in not repeating in addition the recital which – with its performances of a Mozart sonata and Chopin's Fantasy – also had contributed to his triumph. For if he had done so he would have established at once the musical competence which enabled him to play Mozart effectively as well as Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov; and there would have been nothing to give the reviewers the idea that he had mastered the flamboyantly romantic style of the Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov concertos, but needed to learn how to play other better music – the idea in which they have persisted ever since, in the face of the actual beautiful performances of this music that he has presented to their ears. The latest of these is the one of Beethoven's Concerto No. 4 with the Chicago Symphony under Reiner, on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-2680 – another of Cliburn's realizations of a score that are thought out and achieved to the least accompaniment note, and clearly have been thought out and achieved by Cliburn for himself. This is evident not only in the slower than usual pacing that makes the first movement quietly, serenely reflective, but in some of the detail in which one hears the operation of his fine musical taste and unfailing sense for continuity and coherence in the emerging shape of phrase and larger structure. It is evident again in the much slower tempo than the prescribed Andante con moto of the second movement, in which Cliburn makes the piano's part in the extraordinary dialogue impressively effective. With its brilliant concluding Vivace, his performance is one of the events of the year. But I must add that the slower tempos impel Reiner to occasional overemphatic distention, which in the second movement makes the orchestra's part in the dialogue ponderous. And this defect is magnified by the occasionally huge recorded sound in over-resonant space – the resonance being less in the mono version, which also produces a more luminous violin sound; but both versions need a drastic reduction of bass.

The unfamiliar Symphonies Nos. 89 and 90 of Haydn, on Westminster XWN-19043 and WST-17043, are only moderately interesting products of the matured Haydn powers; and Laszlo Somogyi's performances with the Vienna Symphony are only moderately good.

Joan Sutherland is the reason for the new *Traviata* on London A-4366 and OSA-1366, which I can recommend only to those who aren't troubled by the vocal mannerisms – the little moans, the little explosions of tone in the delivery of phrases – that she indulges in much of the time, in addition to the real and impressive singing that she does now and then. For the rest, the performance offers the fine tenor voice that Bergonzi uses with taste, the somewhat hoarse baritone of Merrill, and the pacing by John Pritchard that is excellent except for the repeated slowing down of the feverish tempo of the gambling scene for Violetta's *"Ah, perchè venni, incauta"*. The chorus and orchestra are those of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino.

Bergonzi's singing is one of the good things in the new La Scala *Trovatore* conducted by Serafin on Deutsche Grammophon 18-835/7 and 138-835/7; and Bastianini's is another; but the voices of Antonietta Stella and Fiorenza Cossotto are unattractive and tremulous. I therefore recommend instead the earlier La Scala performance conducted by Von Karajan on Angel 3554 (mono only), not only for the excellent singing of Callas, Barbieri, Di Stefano and Panerai, but for the more sensitively phrased and effectively paced orchestral part.

The new *Così Fan Tutte* on Deutsche Grammophon 18-861/3 and 138-861/3 has the admirable pacing and shaping of the work by Jochum, the superlative playing of the Berlin Philharmonic, the excellent singing of Fischer-Dieskau (Don Alfonso) and Nan Merriman (Dorabella). But the present unattractiveness of the once lovely voice of Seefried and its other inadequacies (*e.g.* her inability to execute the florid passages in *"Come scoglio"*) are excessively damaging not only to Fiordiligi's arias but to the ensembles; and even Haefliger (Ferrando) and Prey (Guglielmo), who get their voices to blend well in the ensembles, deliver their arias without the refinement of tone and style they call for. The performance to acquire is either the one conducted by Von Karajan on Angel 3522 (mono only), or the pre-war Glyndebourne performance conducted by Busch, available again on imported Odeon records.

Fiordiligi's two arias are sung by Stich-Randall on Westminster XWN-19046 and WST-17046, with Donna Anna's two from *Don Giovanni*, the Countess' two from *Figaro*, and *"Ach, ich fuehl's"* from *The Magic Flute*. Though her voice is lusterless and dry it is steady and powerful and lends itself to her shaping of phrase with a coherence and power that make it impressively eloquent. Somogyi conducts a Viennese orchestra in adequate accompaniments.

Fiordiligi's arias are sung also, on London 5782 and OS-25782, by the mezzo-

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soprano Teresa Berganza, not only with a similar impressively eloquent coherence and power, but with the beautiful sound of her younger voice. The other Mozart pieces she sings are Dorabella's *"E Amore un ladroncello"* from *Così*, Cherubino's arias from *Figaro*, *"Parto, parto"* from *La Clemenza di Tito* and the concert aria *Non temer*. Pritchard provides excellent orchestral contexts with the London Symphony.

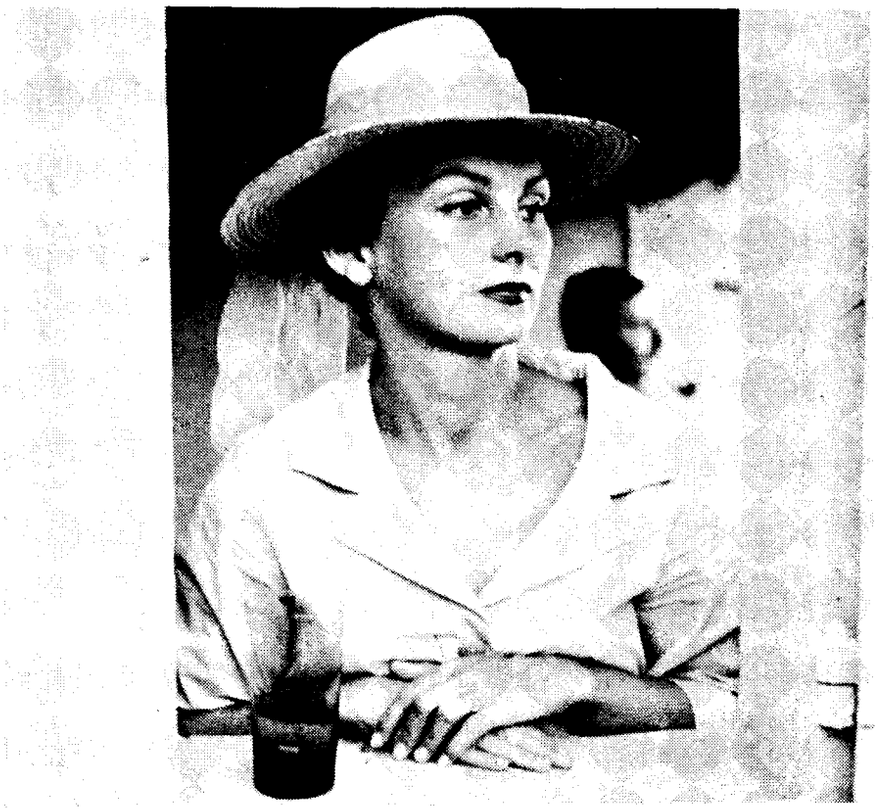
The bass Nicolai Ghiaurov, on London 5769 and OS-25769, uses his fresh, powerful voice impressively in *"Ella giammai m'amo"* from *Don Carlo*, the Catalogue Aria from *Don Giovanni* and Pimen's narrative to Boris from *Boris Godunov*, among other things, with Edward Downes conducting the London Symphony.

Among the acoustically recorded performances by Russian singers of the Tsarist period on Angel COLH-129 are those of two of Lensky's arias from *Eugene Onegin* in which the famous tenor Sobinov overwhelms one with the beauty of his voice and the musical taste and affecting expressiveness of his use of it. The tenor Smirnov and soprano Boronat distort the phrases of even the good music they sing – another of Lensky's arias and *"Qui la voce"* from *I Puritani* – to show off their voices. And Nezhdanova and Lipkovska use their lovely soprano voices with musical taste, and Chaliapin his bass with expressive effect, in music of little consequence.

Fischer-Dieskau's art in the inflection and deployment of his beautiful voice in the musical phrase achieves its usual marvels, on Angel 36127 (mono), in the last songs of Schubert grouped under the title *Schwanengesang*, which include the tremendous *Der Doppelgaenger* and the fine *Liebesbotschaft, In der Ferne, Abschied, Ihr Bild, Fischermaedchen* and *Die Stadt*. Accompaniments by Gerald Moore.

Available again on imported Odeon records, in addition to the pre-war Glyndebourne *Così*, are the pre-war Glyndebourne *Don Giovanni* and Beecham *Magic Flute*, the post-war Glyndebourne *Cenerentola* conducted by Gui and *Idomeneo* excerpts conducted by Busch, the Flagstad *Dido and Aeneas*, the Schnabel Schubert Impromptus and Mozart K.459.

B. H. HAGGIN

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# *Printmaker and Painter*

*Dean Meeker*
*at William H. Schab Galleries*
*LeRoy Neiman*
*at Hammer Galleries*
*(New York)*

The mad Karamazovs used to raise hell in the village of ———— by running around yelling, "God is dead: everything is lawful." Something like that is now happening in the village culture of painting in New York. The new is dead: everything is lawful, even the old. Among the old things which have become lawful with the death of the new is the sensitive depiction of the human figure, in contemporary action and in timeless being. Among the newly exhibited artists in New York doing these things are LeRoy Neiman, a painter, and Dean Meeker, a printmaker.

Both artists have been around, in the Midwest, for years. They've been well-established – Neiman in Chicago, Meeker in Wisconsin, where he teaches at the University in Madison. They've won prizes, they've handled large commissions for murals, they've been awarded fellowships. Both, by coincidence, have spent a year or so in France within the last three, each separately perfecting his art. Yet for both, this present showing is the first in New York. Both are in their early forties, and had they been on the scene geographically, they would have had New York shows a decade ago. Insofar as New York still means "national" in the arts, I take this oversight as one more sign that New York in painting and sculpture is a lot closer to the New York of the commercial theater than it is to the New York of opera or ballet.

In the circumstances of their belated debuts, Meeker is the more remarkable, for his was not only a first-time out for an artist of assured maturity and power, it was also the same for his gallery, one of the top-level old-master print-houses, William H. Schab. The Meeker show was their first venture into contemporary American printmaking. They could hardly have found a better place to begin. Meeker for years was one of the outstanding silk-screen printmen in the country. Two incidents: the late Carl O. Schniewind, then curator at Chicago, told me once that Meeker's work alone had convinced him that the serigraph could be a print; the second, a Meeker print was once passed by the jury of a National Academy show and the artist congratulated officially, only to have it withdrawn when the entry-blank was read more fully: in the bright lexicon of the Academy there was no such thing as a serigraph; the jury had assumed the print was intaglio.

Perhaps from such experiences, Meeker some years back set out to become an intaglio artist. The year in Paris was mostly devoted to the mastery of intaglio printing: like most American printmen of his generation, Meeker rolls his own. The results, on view at Schab's, are eminently worth the infinite care that the artist has so obviously taken at every step.

Infinite care itself, by the way, is another sign that the "new" is old hat now, for when the new was all, care was anathema. The idea of experiment in printmaking was, for example, to throw some acid randomly onto a copper plate, wash it after a bit, and see what would print. Meeker's experiments are all related to desired results. As an old serigraph man, for instance, he uses a lot of color and indeed uses much of it with silk-screen, letting ink on the intaglio plate tone it down into harmony with the darker tones of the intaglio part of the composite print. The silk-screen color, most often, will provide the bright background for a single figure, the sky against which it stands as well as one tone in the mixed color of the ground on which it stands. In addition to classical copper-plate work with acid and burin, Meeker exhibits some prints done by a built-up intaglio, Polymar (plastic with marble aggregate base), on aluminum plate. With others he has devised a color sys-



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tem with rollers of varying softness and inks of varying viscosity applied to a plate of varying heights; the results differ from those of a sequence of color plates superimposed by having much greater free-standing quality in the figures.

Meeker confines himself pretty well, not entirely, to mythic and historical figures. Icarus before flight is a face-shadowed blue-green man against a glowing yellow sky. The machine surrounds him and you can almost feel the metallic textures of its planes; from out the apparatus emerge his legs, slim and graceful, those of a walker on the earth. The Tower of Babel is the empty structure, blue sky showing through an occasional gallery and setting off the whole. There is an ancient tilt to the stories and an unbelievable metallic quality in the coloring of the circular tower. With the fewest of means, the control of light on colored texture, enormous impact is achieved.

LeRoy Nieman was mentioned here some years back, on the occasion of a Chicago show. He has lost nothing in the years since and possibly gained a little elegance from his French studies. He is a race-track man and a casino man, and it is certain that both these milieux have more elegance to them over there than they do over here. Painting in blurred strokes of color, Nieman lets his figures emerge from the modulations of paint as a tree trunk does from the swirl of autumn. The paddock crowd at Longchamp disperse along the serpentine path in the purest of elegance. So do the gamblers around the roulette-spread, light winking off a hand or a sleeve, a bodice or a stack of chips impartially. The scene comes out of softly colored murk, but it is always there and always fully delineated beneath the color. There is an array of 15 jockeys in their gaudy silks and slight forms that looks for all the world like a sheet of Callot dwarfs. There is a Lido grand parade that brings up to date an evening at the Rose.

Now as then there is something very special about Neiman's bars. The principles described above apply there too, but the result is more profound. The light along the back-bar bottles becomes a darkening galaxy, the duckboard a frail bridge between infinities.

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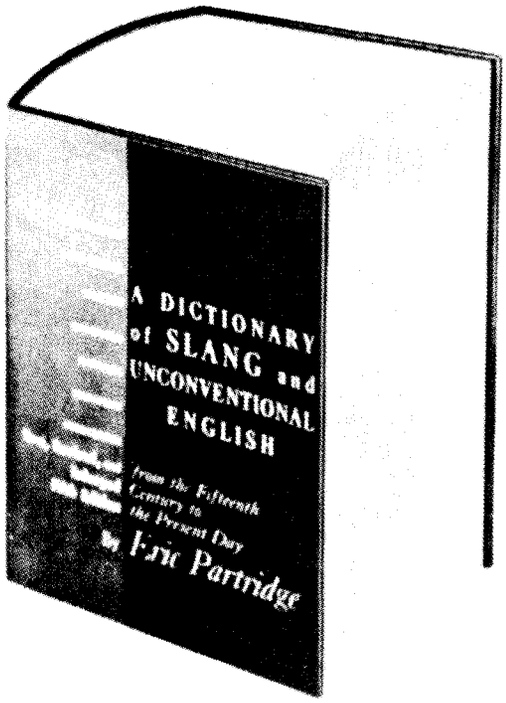


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